THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XII.

GARRETS.—We can never presume to enter a garret—a place where Goldsmith flourished and Chatterton died—without paying a tribute of reverence to the presiding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its singular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face, its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig, and its numberless loop-holes of retreat," for the north wind to peep through, and cool the poet's imagination.

It was in a lonely garret, far removed from all connexion with mortality, that Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of "Venice Preserved;" and it was in a garret that he ate the stolen roll, which ultimately terminated in his death. It was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable Hudibras, and convulsed the king and the court with laughter, while he himself writhed in the gnawing pangs of starvation. A gentleman found Dryden in his old age exposed to the attack of poverty, and pining in a garret, in an obscure corner of London. "You may weep for my situation," exclaimed the venerable poet on seeing him, "but never mind, my young friend, the pang will be over soon." He died a few days afterwards. Poor Chatterton! "the sleepless boy who perished in his pride," overcome by poverty, and stung to the quick by the heartless neglect of a bigoted aristocrat, commenced his immortality in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death he had eaten nothing; his landlady, pitying his desolate condition, invited him to sup with her; he spurned the invitation with contempt, and put an end to his existence by poison.

HENRY III. OF FRANCE lived with the softness and affectation of a coquette; he slept in gloves of a particular leather to preserve the beauty of his hands, that he had rendered fairer than those of all the females of his court; he put on his face a paste, prepared as a species of wash; he was scrupulously exact as to the fineness of his ornaments; and was so attached to such trifles that he one day drove the Duke of Espernon from his presence, because he appeared without white pumps, and with his coat carelessly buttoned.

RETRIBUTION.—It is a curious coincidence, that the Regent Morton, who first introduced the *Maiden*, an instrument of decapitation into Scotland; that M. Guillotine, who improved and caused it to be used in France under his own name; and that Brodie, who induced the magistrates of Edinburgh to adopt the *new drop*, now generally used in England for the execution of criminals; all perished by the instruments of death which they had themselves invented. Phalaris, the contriver of the Brazen Bull, was also destroyed by his own handy work; and the inventor of gunpowder perished in his attempt to realize means for the destruction of his fellow-creatures.

SPIDERS.—Elias Ashmole says, in his Journal, "1681, April 11, I took, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away—*Deo Gratias*." Still the remedy, *choice* as it is, either medicinally or by way of charm, is not always effectual; for, "in the year 1777, died John Ross, LL.D. professor of languages in the King's university, Aberdeen; and his death was occasioned by swallowing a spider in a glass of claret. Upon dissection, his stomach was found to be ulcerated, and extended considerably beyond the ordinary size."—*Recreative Rev.*

CATALANI.—In person, manner, and discourse, she was noble, and one was too often disposed to confound Catalani with *Semiramide* The unusual respect shown to her by crowned heads, seemed less accorded to the actress than the woman; and whether on the stage or at court, it ever seemed that *elle aspirait a descendre.* The last word pronounced, it is said, by the King of Bavaria, was the name of the Roman songstress. The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt took his seat in the orchestra of the theatre, as leader of the band in honor of her genius; and even the Emperor of Austria forgot all meaner arts in admiration of Catalani. Charles John of Sweden himself conducted her through the Royal Museum at Stockholm, in 1827, where two magnificent vases of porphyry attracted her admiration; and sometime after a similar pair was forwarded to her at Paris, by the gallant Prince, who deemed twenty thousand francs a not too costly tribute to the enchanting actress. Yet all her sympathies were not devoted to royalty; for having visited Cracow, and consenting to sing for one night at the public theatre, when the enormous amount of her engagement was tendered her, she returned more than the moiety of the sum in aid of the erection of the monument in memory of the patriot Kosciusko.

At Weimar it was Catalani's good or ill fortune to be placed at table next to the venerable Goethe. It was intended by her illustrious host as a mark of respect to the fair Italian; but the lady was little acquainted with literature in general, or any other poetry than that which the fair translator to the King's Theatre murders so exquisitely for the benefit of its British frequenters. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbor, added to his imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the syren; and she inquired his name. "The celebrated Goethe, Madam." "Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the next interrogation. "Madam, it is the renowned author of Werter." "Oh! yes, yes, I recollect." Then turning to Goethe, resolved in her turn to complement the aged poet, "Ah! Monsieur," she exclaimed, "how greatly do I admire Werter." A low bow answered the distinguished eulogist. "I never read any thing so truly laughable in all my life. What a complete farce, Sir!" "Madam! The *Sorrows of Werter!*" "Ah, Sir, was any thing ever more truly ridiculous?" continued the laughing lady, as she recalled to memory—What? a Parody upon Werter, produced at one of the minor theatres at Paris, where all the sentimentality of the Teutonic swain had been cruelly, but laughably burlesqued. The poet's nerves were sadly affected by the applause so equivocally lavished on his unsuspected talent, and the lady's credit was sensibly diminished at the court of Weimar, by her ignorance of Werter and Goethe-sentimentality.—"*Living Musicians,*" *in Monthly Mag.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND VOLTAIRE.—Among the advantages which were to accrue to Voltaire, in consequence of his residence in the palace of the King of Prussia, was the being supplied with tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, &c. Those, however, whose duty it was to furnish him with these articles, usually sent him very bad ones. Voltaire complained of this to the king, who promised to have it remedied. The evil, however, continuing, and Voltaire again complaining, the king in a jocose tone, told him that, as he saw that his anxiety respecting these trifles diverted his mind from the sublime studies in which he was engaged, he would give orders that he should no longer be troubled with them; and accordingly ordered these perquisites should be suppressed. The conclusion which the king thus unexpectedly came to astonished and enraged the poet, and determined him to make up, by his own contrivances, for the advantages of which he had been deprived. With this view, he was accustomed to sell the allowance of wax candles which was still made to him, and to supply their place by the following manœuvre. While passing the evenings with the king in his apartment, he was accustomed to take opportunities of retiring to his own room; and each time that he did so, he armed himself with one of the large wax candles which lighted the king's rooms, which he never brought back with him. Upon one occasion, when Frederick had more reason than usual to be displeased with Voltaire, he wrote to him a reproachful note, which concluded with these severe words: "You have a heart a thousand times more horrible than your genius is beautiful." He sent this note from his own apartment to that of Voltaire by a page. When Voltaire had read it his rage knew no bounds. He applied to the king every odious epithet he could think of; at the same time making the most virulent charges against him. All this with a loud and angry voice, while striding about his room, and showing symptoms of extreme agitation. The poor page, who was waiting for his answer, was frightened beyond measure, and endeavored to arrest his course, by saying to him, "Sir, recollect yourself, and reflect that he is king; that you are in his house; and that I, who listen to you, am in his service." These words had an instantaneous effect upon Voltaire, though without apparently calming his violence; but he seized the page by the arm and cried out, "It is you, sir, that I take as judge between him and me. I defy you to discover any fault I have committed towards him. I have committed one, it is true, and that is an irreparable one; it is that of having taught him to make verses better than I can myself. Go, sir, and take him this answer!" The page went up stairs again to the king, whom he found walking about his room, and waiting impatiently for the answer. "Have you delivered my note?" cried the king, as soon as he saw him. "Yes, sire." "Did you deliver it to M. de Voltaire himself?" "Yes, sire." "Did he read it before you?" "Yes, sire." "What did he say and do after having read it?" To this question the terrified page returned no answer. "I ask you what M. de Voltaire said, when he had read my note?" Still the page continued silent. "Take care of yourself, sir," continued the angry monarch; "I am determined to know what he said and did. There, speak! I command you." The page, now more frightened than ever, began to tell his tale, stopping between almost every word, and not daring to lift his eyes to the king, who, as the relation proceeded, became every instant more angry. But the exaggerated compliment to his own verses, which concluded the communication, restored him at once to calmness, and when the page had finished, he only shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "He is certainly mad!"—*Lord Dover's Life of Frederick II. King of Prussia.*

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.—It is not known to whom we are indebted for the invention of the ingenious and useful art of making clocks of metal for measuring time and striking the hours. The first clock we hear of in England, was placed in the old clock tower, which formerly stood opposite the gate of Westminster Hall, and is said to have been purchased with part of a fine, of eight hundred marks, or 520*l.* imposed upon Randolph de Hengham, chief justice of the King's bench in 1288. Soon after this, another clock, which cost more than 30*l.* was set up in the cathedral of Canterbury in 1292. These most ancient clocks were probably imported from abroad, or at least made by foreign artists.

About seventy years after this, King Edward III. invited three clock makers of Delft to come into England, and granted them a protection to exercise their trade in any part of the kingdom. By these means, before the end of the fourteenth century, clocks became common in our cathedrals and conventual churches. Chaucer, one of the best of our old poets, who lived at this time, compares the crowing of a cock to a church organ for sweetness, and to a church clock for exactness of time.

Of the astronomical clocks, one of the first was made by an Abbot of St. Alban's in the reign of Richard the Second. It represented the revolutions of the sun and moon, the fixed stars and the ebbing and flowing of the sea. When he had finished it, so deficient were we at that time in the knowledge of mechanics, that he was obliged to compose a book of directions for managing and keeping it in order, lest it should be ruined by the ignorance of the matter.

Watches were also made, or at least used, in England, not long after the beginning of the fourteenth century.

One which belonged to Robert Bruce, who was King of Scotland from 1306 to 1309, was in the possession of his late majesty; and that which belonged to Oliver Cromwell is still preserved in the British Museum. The King of Scotland's is not of a larger size than those which are at this day used; and Oliver Cromwell's, instead of a chain, winds up with cat-gut.

Pendulum watches were invented by Dr. Hooke, about the year 1658.

About a hundred years ago, Thomas Tompion was celebrated as the best watchmaker in Europe. He was originally a Farrier, and began his great knowledge in the equation of time by regulating the wheels of a jack to roast meat. He was watchmaker to Queen Mary the Second, and died Nov. the 20th, 1713.

MUNDEN THE COMEDIAN.

Joseph Shepherd Munden was the son of a poulterer, in Brook's-Market, Leather-lane, Holborn; he was born in the early part of 1758; his father died when he was young, and at the age of twelve, young Joe was placed in an apothecary's shop, but getting tired of physic he took to the law. From an attorney's office he descended to a law-stationer's shop, and became what is termed a "*hackney*-writer," to one of which fraternity in Chancery-lane he was ultimately apprenticed. He was at this time a great admirer of Garrick, whose powers he well remembered and used to dilate upon; this gave him the first inkling to be a performer. He was for some time a clerk in the office of the Town Clerk at Liverpool, but his first regular engagement on the stage was in the representation of old men, at Leather-head. He led the actor's customary provincial round at the theatres, and soon became a partner in the Sheffield theatre. On Dec. 2, 1790, a few nights after Incledon's first appearance, Munden made his bow to the Covent garden audience as *Sir F. Gripe,* in the *Busy Body*—and *Jemmy Jumps* in *The Farmer.* He was the original representative of *Old Rapid, Caustic, Lazarillo,* (in *Two Strings to your Bow*) *Nipperkin, Sir Abel Handy,* and *Old Dornton,* besides a host not now remembered. In 1813, in consequence of a quarrel respecting the amount of his salary, he joined the Drury Lane Company making his first appearance there in *Sir Abel Handy;* here he remained until 31st of May 1824, when he took his farewell of the public in the character of *Sir Robert Bramble,* in the *Poor Gentleman.* He was an excellent comic actor, and in some of his parts unrivalled—indeed, that of *Old Dornton* may be said to have died with him. In private life he was generally esteemed by a very numerous circle of acquaintance, not more on account of his convivial qualities than for others more substantial. A tendency to parsimony has, it is true, been imputed to him as a failing; and several ludicrous anecdotes are in circulation of the skill and tact with which he not only contrived to evade a demand upon his pocket, but even to become a gainer by the attempt. The well known story of the exchange of his old cotton umbrella for the new silk one of a friend, who requested a keepsake from him, is a case in point. In the sterling qualities which constitute the character of an honest and upright man, he was, however, by no means deficient; with respect, therefore, to his foibles, it is but just that they

"Sleep with him in his grave,
And its remembrance in [illegible]"

[illegible]

It will be remembered that Mr. Perceval is the gentleman who brought up in Parliament the motion for a general Fast-day.

From the Athenæum.

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ. M. P.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Oh, Mr. Spencer!
I mean no offence, Sir,
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's;
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent member
Of the House of Com—I mean to say Short Commons
Thou long Tom Coffin singing out, 'Hold Fast'-Avast

O, Mr. Perceval! I'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of cholera,
And new deaths reckon'd,
Will mark thy Lenten Twenty-first and second.
The best of our physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air:
Oh, Mr. Spencer!—if the ill *is* there—
Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make discourses against courses,
While doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe?
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners,
Thoughtless how Heav'n above will look upon't
For man to die so wantonly of want!

By way of a variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such camelion insides,
Only to find
He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do, or don't,
I cannot, dare not, must not fast, and won't.
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
And fast asleep;
My constitution can't obey such censors;
I must have meat
Three times a day to eat;
My health's of such a sort,
To say the truth, in short,
The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers!*

SUBJECTS OF THE CHOLERA.—When the report reached Brunswick College that the Cholera was in Topsham, a student in the *Freshman* class observed that he knew "the Cholera would get here, but he hoped he should be a Senior when it arrived, as he understood it only attacked the *lower classes.*"—*Portland Advertiser.*

The anniversary of *Washington's Birthday,* was celebrated by the Americans in Liverpool, Mr. Ogden, the Consul entertaining a party at dinner

MISCELLANY.

THE CHOLERA.

The wind, the wind, it comes from the sea,
With a wailing sound it passed;
'Tis soft and mild for a winter's wind,
And yet there is death on the blast.

From the south to the north hath the Cholera come,
He came like a despot king;
He hath swept the earth with a conqueror's step,
And the air with a spirit's wing.

We shut him out with a girdle of ships,
And a guarded quarantine:
What, ho! now which of your watchers slept!
The Cholera's past your line.

There's a curse on the blessed sun and air,
What will ye do for breath!
For breath, which was once but a word for life,
Is now but a word for death.

Wo for affection! when love must look
On each face it loves with dread—
Kindred and friends! when a few brief hours,
And the dearest may be dead!

The months pass on, and the circle spreads;
And the time is drawing nigh,
When each street may have a darken'd house,
Or a coffin passing by. L.E.L.

LIFE OF UGO FOSCOLO.

The reader will find this a very attractive piece of composition.

It was on a beautiful day in the month of May 1830, which month was that year unusually bright and mild for our weeping climate, that with my friend Count G. Pecchio, and the worthy Canon Riego, the brother of the ill-fated Spanish General and patriot, I repaired to Turnham Green on a species of literary pilgrimage, to visit the house in which Ugo Foscolo, one of the most distinguished geniuses of modern Italy, suffered his last mortal pangs, and breathed the last sigh of a life that been stormy and most prolific of sighs and tears. After we had seen the humble abode and after we had reposed for some minutes with religious feeling in the narrow room whence the soul of the poet had flitted to eternity, we walked on to the quiet and rather romantic churchyard of Chiswick, where, a little to the left of the church, and among a crowd of tombstones, and the graves of the obscure, a modest stone flag, with the very modest inscription of

UGO FOSCOLO
[illegible]
A. D. 1827.
ÆTATIS 52,

served as the last resting-place of the poet who had so often agitated the deepest feelings of our nature.— The friends who stood by my side looking upon that stone, had been his friends, and among his warmest. Count Pecchio had intimately associated with him many years before, in his own country, when Italy was filled with his fame. They had met afterwards in England, both exiles, both oppressed by those wrongs of fortune, so hard for noble minds to bear, and the friendship of former and better days was consecrated by mutual adversity. The worthy Canon, the warm-hearted Riego, had been among those who never deserted the imprudent and suffering poet.— During his illness, he walked down from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Pancras to Chiswick, to see him, almost every day. One of the last, if not the very last letter that child of genius wrote (only a few [illegible]fore his death) was to him, and when all was [illegible] he was one of the five friends who followed him to the grave, and saw the soil of England heaped over the remains of the Greco-Italic Ugo Foscolo. For myself, I had seen the strange person of the bard but once, and had only heard for a few minutes his singular, energetic voice: but I had lived long in the country, though not of his birth, of his genius. I had made to a certain degree, the tongue in which he wrote, my tongue, and my mind had been for many years familiar with his poems. Of these poems, that called "I Sepolcri," ("The Sepulches,") is the best, and with Gray's immortal "Elegy" harmonised most exquisitely with the spot where we stood, and the character of the gifted being who was now dust, beneath our feet, and the village church, and the flow of the river Thames at a few yards' distance! I shall ever remember that fine May morning, and this pilgrimage, which I undertook and prosecuted with feelings as devout as those with which, in early life, Foscolo described a similar visit to the Tomb of Petrarch, in Arquà, as among the brightest and purest passages in my existence.

It was during our return to town that Count Pecchio informed me that the work whose title stands at the head of this article was finished, and on its way to press. It had a long way to travel! But it is melancholy to reflect, that it was not in Italy, in the country they both honoured, that the biographer could produce his tribute to the poet. No! Such is the lamentable absence of rational liberty in that beautiful country, that from the Alps to the Sea of Scylla, no press durst print the free-toned, but every way moderate, philosophic and most moral work of Giuseppe Pecchio! Excluded from Italy, the work was therefore published as near her frontiers as possible, and from the free Swiss Canton of Lugano many hundred copies will, long ere this, have found their way over Lombardy, and all the rest of the Peninsula. The Austrian Government here, the Papal there, may seize and burn the book, but that will only make it the more sought after. The custom-house officers and gens-d'armes, and all the lynx-eyed myrmidons of a suspicious and trembling despotism spread along the frontiers, may do their best, but they can no more stop the spread of mind—can no more intercept effectually those little pieces of paper and print, those pages that "make hundreds, nay, make thousands think," than a military cordon, though perfect in organization and operation, can affect the heavens above their heads, and stay in its march an epidemic or a healthful breeze. Such is the might of mind—such the influence of the press, whose abuses we detest the more, from the deep conviction of its power in working *evil* as in working good!

A posthumous good fortune has befallen Foscolo in having Pecchio for his biographer. The modest feeling words which he opens his book must secure the reader's esteem and affection.

'Ugo Foscolo, renowned in the literary world for the last thirty years, now lies in a humble country churchyard, a few miles from London, undistinguished as yet, and confounded with the crowd of the obscure defunct, who die for ever. Perhaps a day will come when opulent friendship, or the love that the English people bear towards poets, that race the favoured of Heaven, will erect to him a monument worthy of his name. In the mean while, I will endeavour by these pages to transmit to the rising generation some notices of his life, not with the ambitious pretension of raising him a literary monument, but with the sole desire of rendering him a slight tribute of that friendship that united us for many years. This my work, I repeat, is nothing but the pious office of one exile towards another exile. Both of us refugees from the smiling sky of Italy, I only aspire to the imitation of the poor mariner, who to his companion dead on a foreign shore, raises a few clods of earth, with a cross above his remains, in order that others, in more favorable opportunities, may perform the funeral rites with becoming pomp.'

Born at Zante, which Island with its neighbours then belonged to the tyrannical Venetian Republic, in the year 1778 the poet seems to have been carried while yet a child, to Venice, where he received his primary instruction in some obscure school. At a more advanced age, he repaired to the University of Padua, where he had the advantage of the instruction of the celebrated Abate Cesarotti who was there Professor of the Hebrew language and the Greek.

On the completion of his studies, Ugo Foscolo hesitated for some time whether he should not enter the Catholic Church. His biographer rejoices that he did not, saying with reason, 'For what a pretty priest or monk would he have made, with *his* violence of passion, *his* unbridled disposition!' But instead of making his first appearance to the world in a pulpit, he made it on the stage, producing his tragedy of "Tieste" in 1797, when in his nineteenth year. This tragedy was performed at Venice, in the theatre of Saint Angelo for nine nights consecutively, and applauded most enthusiastically by crowded audiences. But the applause seems to have arisen from a sympathy for the author and his youth. 'Tieste' has never been reproduced, and, frankly speaking, as Pecchio always speaks, it scarcely merits more than the oblivion into which it has fallen.

Foscolo's career, which was to be throughout a most stormy one, commenced in stormy times. The little and divided Italian States were crouching under French republicans, or trembling at the coming shadow of Napoleon's might. The Oligarchy of Venice, ever jealous, was now prodigal of the use of what Pecchio calls its hundred-eyed and hundred-eared police. After the first representation of his tragedy, which contained certain political allusions not to the taste of the ruling powers, he was advised by his mother to absent himself for some time from Venice, to avoid persecution. Only a few months after, the proud Oligarchy of a thousand years was thrown to the earth. Venice, 'the ancient Queen of the Adriatic, who had gradually become a mummy, with royal mantle and crown, that at the first touch unrobes itself and falls to dust,' was by a process of treachery and iniquity on one side, and imbecility on the other, seized by the French, those crusaders for liberty, and transferred to Austria, a power which Count Pecchio, who has no obligations to it, designates as 'the shark that devours each falling European state.' Foscolo abandoned the isles of Venice, the country of his father, his own by rights and adoption, and I believe never returned to it. In his well known novel of 'Jocopo Ortis,' the Italian Werther, much of which appears to have been written shortly after his expatriation, though the whole was not published until 1802, he poured forth his indignant soul, in words that did more than burn.

The annihilation of an ancient state, like Venice, is, fortunately, not a frequent spectacle. It was never obliterated from the deep, passionate mind of Foscolo, whose feelings and views were essentially influenced by this great political crisis. He tore himself from his mother, and from his second mother—his country, and in a hopeless search of that repose he was never to know, he went and settled himself for a while in Tuscany, the part of Italy which *is* still, as it long has been, the best governed, the most civilized, and in every respect the mildest to live in. But its amenities were thrown away on the impetuous Foscolo, whose soul courted tempests. 'He was, besides, born,' says Pecchio, 'one of those unhappy mortals more ingenious in the art of self-tormenting, than in that of self-consoling.' He left the Etrurian Athens—Florence, after a few weeks, and repaired to Milan, the capital of the new-born Cisalpine Republic, that puppet which amused the Italians for a while, but whose strings were pulled by the French, and which never did acquire consistence and vitality. In this vortex of movement and intrigue; in this scene of classico-political farces and parades, where French soldiers and Italian citizens played off the parts of ancient Rome and Athens; in this overthrow of all that was old, and jumble of all that was new, Foscolo continued for a considerable time. He obtained the friendship of the poet Parini, who was then closing a long and unspotted life, and he fell most violently in love with a young lady, a Roman, whose beauty and accomplishments Count Pecchio, who knew her, describes, as I have heard many others describe them, in terms the most enthusiastic.

'If there was nothing moderate in the whole character of Foscolo,' says his amiable biographer, 'how could he be moderate, in the always immoderate passion of love. I, who saw him enamoured many years after this first passion, when the furnace of his heart was no longer so [illegible], saw him even then an object of terror to some of laughter to others. In those brief eruptions he became mute, frowning, sad, gazing with the pupils of his eyes widely distended, and fixed motionless, like those of a madman; and if he broke that terrible taciturnity, it was only to mutter some sentences about suicide, or to repeat, for the hundredth time, as though it had been a 'rosary,' certain verses allusive to his state. I can, therefore, well imagine, in this first inflammation of his heart, that he must have been little less than a roaring lion of the forest. It appears that this love of his was returned, but that it remained unsatisfied on account of circumstances that opposed its honorable gratification. He made an ostentation of never speaking of it but how could he make good this assumption of delicacy, when he made it the subject of a romance? (Jacopo Ortis.) The circumstances or occurrences of the tale were feigned, but very easy to trace. Woe to the fair lady who expects prudence and discretion from a poet-lover! He will be secret, impenetrable with all his friends, except with the public. Either in a sonnet, or in a poem, or in a tragedy, he will pour out his ardours, and that not only to his cotemporaries, but also to future centuries! Thus did Foscolo.'

The poet, who was himself, for all his life, a slave to the darkest visitations of hypochondriasis, a malady of his family lost, shortly after this passion, or, as Pecchio expresses it, 'nel tremito republicano,' his elder brother, who, it appears, committed suicide. A sonnet of some beauty records this sad event; but on the affairs of his family Foscolo always was silent or mysterious, in the whole course of his life rarely mentioning any relative save his *good, kind mother*, and never alluding to another brother, until from the condition of a common soldier he had risen to the rank of captain of dragoons, and the army, which was then the world to Italy as to France, had admired and applauded his courage on the field. This brother, Giulio Foscolo, was well known to Ugo's biographer. 'We grew up youths together,' says Pecchio; 'I esteemed him, and always loved him. He must now be in some Austrian regiment, confined in some muddy village of Hungary or Transylvania.' Rather a curious situation altogether for the brother of the Austrian hater Ugo Foscolo, the author of the 'Sepolcri,' and the orations to Buonaparte at the Congress of Lyons!

The Italians, who, from the beginning of the seventeenth century had been entirely excluded from the exercise of arms, and condemned to the most effeminate modes of life, were now suddenly propelled into the military career by their friends the French Republicans, who stood in need of their services. In the new Cisalpine Republic the martial ardor was extreme; it invaded even the breast of the poet, and Foscolo enrolled himself and soon obtained the rank of an officer. The first operations of war, however, that he was destined to witness were those of a retreat, for in 1799 when Buonaparte, who had conquered Italy, was absent in Egypt, the Austro-Russian armies drove the French every where before them—blotted out the Cisalpine Republic with the same ease and with as little remorse as the scene-painter daubs over his canvass to paint another scene upon it, and, to use a favorite term of the contra-revolutionists, repristinated every thing in Italy.

Foscolo then retreated with the French to Genoa, and during the long and dreadful siege of that place, so admirably defended by Massena, he found time in the midst of his duties as soldier and orator, (for he was brimfull of the Republicanisms of the period, and accustomed to harangue the Genoese in their popular assemblies,) to compose an admirable, prophetic letter to Bonaparte on his accession to the Consulate, and to write a very mythological ode on Madama Pallavicina's being thrown from horseback on the sea-shore, which locality of necessity exacted that he should compare the fair Genoese to Venus!

On the surrender of Genoa in 1800, the poet was transported with the rest of the garrison, on board of English ships, to France. This time his exile from Italy was short. Buonaparte crossed the Alps by Mount Saint Bernard, gained the battle of Marengo, once more entered Milan, passed his hand again over the obsequious, passive scene of her politics, and restored *pro tempore* the Cisalpine Republic. Foscolo soon followed the conqueror, (who, as Pecchia observes, *always* conquered in Italy,) published in Milan his romance, a novelty for his country, and *da capo* fell most desperately in love with a Milanese dama, more beautiful even than his Roman, a most accomplished coquette, whose *heart* as he said in after years, was all made of *brains*, and who, to add to the interest a poet's idol must inspire, was the daughter of the fair and complacent Marchesina F——, whom our own Sterne met on the staircase of a palace at Milan.

In 1802, Foscolo published his oration to Buonaparte for the Congress of Lyons, a curious compound of Pedantry and plain sense, of eulogium and criticism, of admiration for the ambitious Napoleon, and of love for true, ancient, naked Republicanism.

At this time the poet enjoyed an influence and a popularity in the highest societies altogether extraordinary, considering his want of birth, connexions, patrons, and fortune, and his capricious, violent, and generally unamiable manner of comporting himself in company. Some of these defects increased under the exacerbation of disappointment and years; but even at this period Pecchio describes him as a man, who in some countries, spite of his genius, would not have been tolerated in society for a day—would have been fortunate had he escaped the strait waistcoat and the lunatic asylum. As if the passion of love was not passion enough, Foscolo was, at this time, dreadfully addicted to gambling. His biographer, in few but impressive words, describes this madness.

"Movement and passions are the aliment of ardent souls. Foscolo, as I have said, from his profound, intense study of the Greek and Roman classics, would plunge at once into the sea of dissipation. The ancients from the academy passed to the palestra. The palestra of Foscolo were the theatre and the gaming-table. After having meditated on the scholiast of Homer, on the interpretations of Callimachus, on Tacitus, he would break out from his house towards midnight, to try his luck at play, in the ridotto of the Della Scala Theatre. Vehement in every thing, he sought to do violence on Fortune. With a handful of *louis d'ors*, he would go and attack at Faro, a mountain of gold, as at times a company of soldiers will attempt to take a fortress by assault. Fortune now and then smiled on him. At times he would return to his home with a heap of gold. The next day, a new scene would rise for his life. He ordered clothes, bought horses, changed his residence, and lodged himself in a gilded apartment. But all this luxury would then disappear like a dream. Fortune turned her back on him, and Faro speedily retook all that it had given him. No matter! He would sell every thing, retire to some obscure corner of Milan, and immerse himself in study, not quitting his lodgings for many days together."

Count Pecchio will not undertake to decide whether Foscolo was more fortunate in love *than* in gambling; but after correctly showing the ardent ambition of the fair Italians for applause if not glory, and that a poet must have peculiar claims on them, he paints a portrait of the man which is by no means captivating.

"He was of middling stature, and of rather a strong and muscular make. He had thick, rough, reddish, curling hair, which rendered more energetic his poetic *estro*, and more horrible his tristful silence and his flashes of rage. * * His eyes were grey, small, deep sunk, quick and sparkling. His complexion was sandy, his nose and chin were regular, his lips thin and projecting like a snout; a thick beard most copiously covered his jaws and chin, he following in this particular the precept of Casti:

'Pelo, pelo! vi vuol pelo e non pelle
Per far fortuna e innamorar le belle.'

Or,

'Beard—beard and whiskers! not your delicate skin
Makes a man's fortune, and the fair will win.'

But this snout, this exuberant hair, this colour, a quick, restless motion of the eyes, with the progress of years, gave him at times a resemblance to that being that forms as it were a link between man and the animal creation."

The first time I saw Foscolo was when years had strengthened this resemblance, and it struck me at once. Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has a portrait of the man (and it is like what he was!) which a very few touches of the pencil might convert into the beast. But indeed even in earlier years his appearance suggested the odious comparison, for the making of which he fought a duel at Milan, (a *pistol* duel, and none of your scratching small sword businesses,) with an honest Dane, whom he nearly sent into the other world. Foscolo, however, vain as he was, was perfectly aware he was no Antinous in beauty, and he correctly describes the irregularities of his person as well as of his character, in a sonnet in imitation of one in which Alfieri painted his own portrait.

It was during one of his seclusions at Milan, produced by bad luck at play and by poverty, but cheered by the Muses, that he published a translation of the hymn of Callimachus on the locks of Berenice, with a whole volume of unread, and scarcely readable commentaries, which, he afterwards sustained, he had written only as a satire on the erudite and the glossarists.

From singing about the locks of a lady's hair, and from writing learned puzzles, Foscolo was summoned in his military capacity to cross the

Alps. The "Cisalpine Republic," which was now styled the "Italian Republic," sent a division of its newly formed army into France to fight the battles of the French. Buonaparte was then intent on the invasion of England, and Foscolo went with his countrymen to the camp of Boulogne, cheered as they marched thither with the confident inscriptions of "Chemin a Londres" that the French soldiers had erected along the road to the coast.

Cependant le chemin n'aboutissait pas! The French army did not reach London, and Foscolo, to relieve himself from the monotony and tedium of a camp, studied the English language on the Gallic coast, and made a pleasant translation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Without seeing London, Foscolo returned at the end of the year 1805 to Milan, where he edited in a very masterly manner the military works of the great Montecuculi.

Poets generally make but indifferent soldiers; there is an incompatibility between their irregular characters and the discipline and subordination of a military life. Eugene Beauharnois, when Vice-roy of Italy, was heard to say, that the three poets he had in his army, Gasparinetti, Ceroni, and Foscolo, gave him more trouble than all the rest of the army put together. Captain Ugo Foscolo must have been particularly unmanageable. His literary merits deserved some homage, and he was permitted to retain his rank and full pay, and to live *en bourgeois*, or *da poeta*, just as he chose, without being obliged to any service. He retired to Brescia, which beautiful district of Italy, with its frank, hospitable, joyous inhabitants, is admirably described by Count Pecchio, and finished his poem "Sui Sepolcri," the most perfect production of his genius, the most impressive and beautiful little poem that Italy can boast, the exquisite verses of which are known by heart to every cultivated Italian, as Gray's Elegy to every Englishman, and which will preserve Foscolo's name and fame as long as the Italian language shall exist. He also published, as an experiment, his spirited translation of the book of Homer, during his retirement at Brescia, which seems to have been the most tranquil—the happiest portion of his life, for he had ease and competence, kind friends in all he met, and that indispensable ingredient to his enjoyment, a *kinder* lady with "large black eyes" to smile upon his eccentricities and to applaud the verses she inspired.

In 1808 he underwent a striking metamorphosis. From a Captain in the army he was transformed into a Professor of a University. "The chair of Eloquence at Pavia, which had been occupied for some years by Monti, and then by Ceretti, and which was vacant from the death of the last named poet, was offered to Foscolo as a reward due to his celebrity. He therefore changed the sword for the gown."

The prolusion he delivered on ascending the chair, and in which he treated "of the origin and office of literature," was calculated to add to his high reputation, but it destroyed his prospects as a professor. Nourishing still the same independent ideas that he carried with him on his first exile from Venice, he would not listen to those satellites of Napoleon, who suggested that a compliment—a token of homage should be introduced in his discourse to gratify the "*somma regnante*," the great conqueror, and within the year his professorship was suspended under pretext of a reform in the plan of studies in the University!

After his dismissal from the University of Pavia, Foscolo retired to the lake of Como, of whose beautiful scenery, and of the delicious *villeggiatura* life there led, Count Pecchio gives an admirable description, in which he shows that the political economist can have the feeling of a poet. The passage regarding the old castle of Baradello that overlooks the town of Como and the lake, is one of the most beautiful in Italian literature, and a worthy *pendant* to some of Foscolo's scenic descriptions in his Jacopo-Ortis, saying which is to pay Count Pecchio the very highest of compliments.

During this retreat, Foscolo, it appears, began his "Hymn to the Graces," a good poem, and finished his "Ajax," a bad tragedy, which was soon after represented and "very particularly damned" at Milan. But, as if it were not misfortune enough to write a bad tragedy--to hear it hissed and made the subject of epigram and pasquinade, Foscolo was speedily accused of having made political allusions. Ajax (it was discovered) was intended for General Moreau, and Agamemnon, the King of Kings, was no other than Napoleon the head of the Confederation of the Rhine, dictating to the satellite sovereigns how they should wage war on Russia. All Milan, but a few years before the theatre of the hardiest Republicanism, was turned upside down by the irreverent poet, who was treated, says Pecchio, as though he had attempted to blow up the whole empire with a few verses, and easily persuaded by the *sempre-suadente* (ever persuasive) police, to change his place of abode.

Foscolo retired to Tuscany, that delightful country which had been the scene of his first exile, where he rented a house in Camaldoli that had once been occupied by "the starry Galileo," finished his "Hymn to the Graces," and published it with a dedication to Canova. Hence also Foscolo sent forth his corrected translation of "Sterne's Sentimental Journey," with some curious notes prefixed on his own character and life, under the feigned name of Didimo Chierico.

The ostracism which this time had driven him from Milan, contributed to his happiness, for in the balsamic tranquillity of Florence and its neighbourhood, his stormy mind found the repose of which it stood in need, and both his corporeal and mental faculties seemed bettered by the change. But the amiable quiet and repose of the Etrurian Athens were not enjoyed beyond the Alps, or in the rest of Italy. While Foscolo cultivated the Muses, Napoleon made his disastrous retreat from Moscow, lost battles, committed *faults*, and was trembling towards his final descent and fall. As early as 1814, the author of "Ajax" had full liberty not only to return to Milan, whence he had been driven on suspicion of making covert allusions, but openly to satirize, if he chose, the fallen Napoleon. Foscolo had too much greatness of soul to do the latter office, which was largely performed by many who had fattened on the favour of that extraordinary man, and who but a few months before would have prostrated themselves at his feet—would have been annihilated by his frown.

The Lombards now saw themselves about to revert to their old masters, the Austrians, and they were justifiable in the endeavours they made to rescue themselves from that yoke, which though perhaps not much more oppressive than that of the French, was more awkward and more degrading. Willingly we extend our sympathies to the efforts which were made by the Italians during the sort of interregnum that followed the fall of Napoleon,—our regret that there was no unity of feeling and purpose to ensure success and national independence, and that Lombardy and the Venetian States, as must have been foreseen, fell to the Emperor of Austria. During these days of confusion, of doubts, and of hopes, Foscolo for the last time put on his military uniform, having been promoted to the rank of *chef d'escadron*, by the Regency of Milan. He wore it, until an Austrian army took possession of the city, when he threw it off for ever, and presented a spirited protest to our English General Sir R. Mac Farlane, who was prayed to submit it the consideration of the high Allied Powers. This protest, which might be termed the last sigh of brief Italian liberty, was written by Foscolo. Pecchio regrets that he has no copy of it. "But I will remember," says he, "that it was concise, energetic, dignified, worthy of the pen of Machiavelli. This was the last production of Foscolo in Italy; but to every Italian heart it will be for ever a monument more precious than any other writings of his!"

(*To be continued.*)

SINGULAR CEREMONY OF THE FRENCH COURT.

From the Atlas.

From that peculiar miscellany, the "Book of the Hundred-and-one," we take the following description of one of the most remarkable ceremonies that the Court of Charles X. yet preserved. Its singular and incongruous observances were noticed in a former number of the Atlas when mentioning the celebration. The scene is in the Tuileries

"The groom of the chamber has taken our ticket—and the valet-de-chambre has shewn us to a seat behind the ladies. What a delightful *coup d'œil!* What a festive aspect wait upon this scene! The confined area of the Chapel Royal did not afford sufficient space for it, and the solemnity has been adjourned, therefore, to the gallery of Diana. You may well smile as you lift up your eyes, and rest them on the splendid paintings which decorate the ceiling. Cupid and Psyche, Diana and Endymion, Hercules and Omphale, together with the whole train of pagan gods and goddesses, seem but ungainly attendants on the pomp of a Christian solemnity. But, cast your eyes downwards, mark the simplicity of yon altar and oratory, from which the God of the Christian and his minister are about to pour forth celestial language, and you will have no heart for a smile; your mind will have compassed the far and wide interval which severs error from truth.

A large table has been placed at one of the extremities of the gallery, and on that table stand thirteen dishes, symmetrically repeated thirteen times; each of them is adorned with odorous flowers, lending a delicious perfume to the incumbent atmosphere. Both right and left, throughout the whole extent of the gallery, are three rows of seats below each other; one side is appropriated to the ladies, whose elegant habiliments have somewhat of a worldly cast about them; yet the scene is an enchanting one; and the book, held between their fingers, even though they do not open its pages, is indicative at least of a goodly intention. In front of the seat reserved for the use of the Royal family, is a more elevated bench, occupied by thirteen indigent children, typical of the thirteen apostles; for at the time when the Last Supper took place, Iscariot had not betrayed his Master. Behind the young apostles stood the King's band, led by Cherubini and Lesueur, and directed by Plantade. Talent of every description had been placed under requisition to compose it—as a whole, it was without a rival in point of execution, and a long and lingering regret will survive its dissolution.

But, suddenly a voice is heard; and "*The King*," is announced. See! how every one leans and presses, and thrusts himself forward to discern him! he salutes the throng with the easy grace with which nature has gifted him; there is nothing of the old man in his manner; it is respect alone which reigns in the ardent burst his benignity would seem to invite. Divine service is nearly at an end before the audience have bethought themselves of prayer. Next succeeds the sermon, and it is listened to in full confidence that none but a Bossuet or a Masillon would be admitted to preach before Royalty; but anticipation proves a cheat; and the listener is consoled with the sight of the King. How the eye follows his every motion, whilst he discharges the goodly office, handed down by his royal ancestors, and with his own hands washes the feet of the thirteen apostles, in token of Christian humility! Let the impious laugh this affecting solemnity, a remnant of his fathers' piety, to scorn; yet if he did but once witness it, that laugh would be dismissed forever. The scene is not, in every stage of it austere and sanctified; the assistants at the ceremonies and altar come forth in procession, bearing boquets of flowers and the insignia of their offices in their hands; the Dauphin of France, followed by the great officers of State, follow in their train; they advance and return thirteen times in succession for the purpose of fetching the bread, wine and dishes designed for the apostles; and having delivered them to the King, he places them in baskets, and deposites them at the feet of each of the children; adding a purse containing thirteen five-franc pieces as a donative with each basket. This concludes the ceremony: and well may the Sovereign say of it, 'I have performed more than a mere act of piety or humility; I have made the hearts of thirteen families to leap for joy.'" * * * E. MENNECHET.

PASSING REMARKS.

From a London Journal.

Met a poor fellow in a sailor's jacket, at the end of Long Acre, who said he was shipwrecked last summer in the Rothsay Castle. Was just going to give him a shilling, when I recollected relieving him yesterday in Portland Place, dressed in an old regimental great coat, as a half-pay officer, ashamed to beg, with a large wife, eight small children, tears in his eyes, and in his hand certificates of having served his country in every action for the last five-and-thirty years. Almost suspect I gave him half a crown last week, as a Yorkshire lad, eight months out of place, to whom "no office-keeper need apply"

Saw the respectable old family coach, from which the radiant smiles of two of the noblest female countenances in London were formerly dispensed. An extraordinary personage seems to have put his Foote in it

Looked in at one of the national theatres with the expectation of seeing a classic drama, comic or tragic, no matter which. Found them acting a melodrama, which was either stolen from the Surrey, or ought to be transferred thither Left Wallack doing a bit of Serle; went home to dinner, and proceeded, half price, to the other "National." Just in time for the two young pigs and the rope-dancing! Success to the patents, and down with the minors! Genuine comedy will soon be restricted to Parson Irving's Theatre; and genuine tragedy to the Theatres of Anatomy.

Passed a door in Grosvenor street, where two *mutes* were stationed in announcement of a funeral. The morning being damp and foggy, they comforted themselves by holding a palaver; bending across the door, and talking behind their hands, while their lofty wands stood in solemn majesty to play the mourner. Mute L. H. (a monstrous merry fellow) was giving a glowing account to R. H. of John Reeve's *Zany Kibaubs*: of which the catch-word was alone audible to passengers. "More fun," cried mute L. H., till mute R. H. was convulsed with laughter.

Saw a young divine in Wellington boots, alight from his cabriolet in the stable yard; suppose he was looking for a stall.

Met Lords E. and W. arm-in-arm in the Burlington Arcade. Wondered whether it is their Lordships who are advertised as the "Anatomy of the Peerage."

MEMOIR OF A SUICIDE.

It is only a short time since Henry Neele, the author of the English series of the 'Romance of History,' closed his career by self-murder, at a time when the vista had just opened sufficiently to present a fair prospect of success. We are now appalled by another suicide, in the same profession and rank of life, the perpetrator of which was a still younger man—indeed, a mere youth—whose introduction to the public seemed, like Neele's, to be full of good omen.

Mr. Fletcher—the circumstances of whose death our readers have been made acquainted with by the newspapers—was educated at Cambridge, and passed through his studies, the proximate object of which was a wranglership, with credit. When just about to receive the reward of his labours, he was guilty of one of those imprudences so frequent in College life, and so seldom attended with any permanent or disastrous effect. He was absent at the meeting of the council, and it was discovered that he had not been in his apartment the whole night. He had gone on a pleasure party the day before, and was accidentally detained beyond the moment when his appearance would have passed unquestioned. Expulsion stared him in the face on one hand; and, on the other, the as dreadful fate of being thrown back from the object of his ambition for a space of time equal to that which he had already spent in efforts to obtain it. Between this Scylla and Charybdis he was lost. He left College, abandoned all his plans and pursuits in life, and came to London, a friendless and almost aimless adventurer

It is probable, that in the whole of this proceeding, he acted contrary to the advice of his relations, and that, in consequence, they left the young man to his fate; but, on so painful and delicate a subject, it is only fair to say, that this is little more than a surmise. Shortly after his arrival in London, he was so fortunate as to obtain the situation of assistant in a respectable school, where he continued for two years, and up to last Christmas. During this interval of two years, he published a poem, which displayed at least the evidences of an elegant mind, and contributed to some of the periodicals. But it was to the impression made upon his imagination by the glorious struggles of the Poles, that he owed any literary distinction attained by his name He produced a 'History of Poland,' which met with almost universal approbation; and few persons, on reading its manly and impressive pages, could have supposed that the author was a shy and retiring youth of one-and-twenty

At this time the bookselling trade appeared to be on the brink of ruin. A panic, whether connected with real or imaginary danger, had been spread abroad in the literary world and its dependent professions. Booksellers were afraid, therefore, to buy the materials of which it is manufactured In the department of imaginative writing, more especially a depression prevailed which threatened to recall the days when garrets and hunger were the portion of the Muses' sons. One extensive house, celebrated both for its good and bad novels, declared that it had utterly ceased to purchase manuscripts on speculation, and, either terrified or cramped in means by its losses, refused to entertain any offer proposed with other views than prospective and eventual remuneration. If any payments were made at all, they were in bills, which the holder if unprovided with monied friends, could no more get discounted than he could live upon the paper.

At this period, Mr. Fletcher, with characteristic imprudence, gave up his situation, and attached himself to the precarious, and now desperate trade of authorship! This was only last Christmas—and we hurry to the result.

He was employed to write a work on India for the 'Entertaining Knowledge,'—a portion of which is completed; and he also contributed, we believe, to several of the Magazines. He became involved in difficulties, notwithstanding; but to so trifling an amount, that it is said his last days were embittered chiefly by the dread of an approaching demand upon him for twenty-five pounds, the amount of a bill accepted by his publisher, which he feared would remain unpaid, and consequently fall back upon him; but the gentleman in question asserts, that the bill had been given as a friendly accommodation to Mr. Fletcher.

Another enemy, still more fatal, was the disorder which appears to be "the badge of all our tribe"—indigestion The sedentary habits of authors are generally supposed to be the predisposing cause of the disease: but this we deny. Exercise, without *amusement*, is nothing. The state of the mind, more than that of the body, we hold to be the predisposing cause. The disease again re-acts upon the mind; and this action and re-action, if long continued, produces a nervous excitement, which sometimes ends in madness.

Mr. Fletcher, like many others who are afraid of the excitement of wine, or unable to afford the means of indulgence in it, had recourse to opium in his fits of despondence. This drug is as bad, although not quite so speedy, as arsenic to a literary man; for it exasperates the disease which sits preying like a vulture upon his life. The hero of this sad tale sunk at last into melancholy and despair. One whole day till late in the afternoon, he lay in bed without being able to muster energy enough to rise. He at length took his place, mechanically, as it were, at the dinner-table. He did not eat: he shrunk from conversation but when the time of parting came, he bade farewell with a strong pressure of the hand.

The next morning the unhappy young man was found dead upon the floor. He was surrounded with blood, and a pistol lay near the sacrilegious hand of the suicide.—*Lond. pap.*

CRABBE.

"Few men of his fame were so little known personally in the literary world—of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and the education of his family Mr. Crabbe was born in 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father held some appointment in the Customs. It is said, that he was originally intended for the medical profession, and that he served an apprenticeship to a provincial apothecary. He, however, was early won over to the Muses. He came to London at the age of twenty-four, gained the friendship of Burke, at whose recommendation he published in 1781, his poem of 'The Library.' This was quickly followed by 'The Village,' which gained for his genius the high and enviable approbation of Dr. Johnson. In the meantime Crabbe had entered himself at Cambridge, had taken orders, and now accompanied the Duke of Rutland as chaplain, upon his appointment to the Vice-regal government of Ireland. Through the same patronage he afterwards obtained some small church preferment. Notwithstanding the success which had attended his earlier works, it was more than twenty years before he again ventured on publication, and we remember the no small surprise with which, in 1807, we read a collection of Poems, then wet from the press, by one who, in his associations with Burke and Johnson, seemed to belong to a past age. This work also was eminently successful, and 'The Borough' followed in 1810—'Tales' in 1815—and 'Tales of the Hall' in 1819. The catalogue might have been enlarged had public encouragement tempted the publishers, for, we believe, a MS. poem has been for many years in the hands of Mr. Murray."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 18[illegible]

MARRYING COUSINS.

"They bred in and in, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed if it increases."
BYRON.

The British novelists are very apt to make their heroes and heroines fall in love with and marry their cousins. Whether in this respect they draw from life, or from mere fancy, we are unable to say. If from life, then we have a clue to one of the principal causes of degeneracy in noble families, from which class their heroes and heroines are mostly taken. If from mere fancy, then are they no accurate observers of the economy of nature, and might with advantage take a lesson from the unlettered farmer, on the preservation or the improvement of breeds.

"Cross the breed," says the farmer, "and you improve the stock." And this homely observation of the farmer, though applied to quadrupeds, is not to be despised nor overlooked even in the connexions of the biped race. In fact we believe farmers' sons, at least in this country, seldom violate this principle by marrying their relations. It is a common saying in the country, that, *The children of those who marry cousins will be fools.*

Acting on this belief, a prudent young man, though he should have a sneaking fondness for a pretty cousin, will not marry her. He says—

"It's true, I likes Peggy darned well; she's a handsome, nottable, and all-fired smart gal; and would make any feller a good wife. But I wont marry my cousin—no, not if she was an anngel. I'd jest as soon marry my sister. I don't want to raise up a family of plagny fools." And instances are cited of such and such a man, who, permitting love to run away with his reason, has married his cousin, and is suffering the consequence, in having around him a family of idiots.

Now these people never read the motto, at the head of our chapter, nor indeed probably ever heard of Lord Byron. Indeed the belief was prevalent long before the days of his Lordship; and like a skilful author, who gathers wisdom and knowledge from all sources, he doubtless borrowed it from the rustics of Great Britain, whose opinions on the subject must very naturally coincide with those of their brethren this side of the water.

The marrying of "aunts and nieces" we believe is seldom practised among Christians, and then only in Catholic countries, where a dispensation is obtained from His Holiness the Pope—who, being infallible, can alone grant leave to his subjects to depart from the laws of propriety and the constitution of the church. Don Miguel, the modern Nero, would fain marry his niece, the young Queen of Portugal, in order to establish his tyranny on a firmer basis. But may heaven and Don Pedro confound him! for a vile scoundrel as he is.

Some of the patriarchs married cousins. But decent women were scarce in those days; and the example of Isaac and Jacob is no excuse for the young men of modern times. Indeed these patriarchs had no reason to boast of their bargain in the end; for Rebecca encouraged and abetted the deceit of her favorite son, and made her husband believe, when he was old and blind, that he was eating a plate of fine venison chops, when it was nothing but a parcel of kid cutlet. And the sons of Jacob, with the exception of Joseph, turned out—not to be exactly fools—but a set of envious, disobedient, quarrelsome chaps as ever drew the breath of life.

One great motive for marrying their relations, among the modern gentry, no doubt is, to keep estates in the family. There is a valuable landed property on both sides, and it is a great pity it should go into the hands of strangers; or there is money, bonds, and mortgages, bank stock, and the like, which may as well be kept at home, where they properly belong. So reason parents and guardians; and children and wards fall in with the plans of their prudent seniors. They marry their cousins; and as every successive generation grows more and more imbecile, they have still less and less of the sense and spirit necessary to resist the views and wishes of their stolid papas and mamas, and guardians. Thus they go, round and round, like a blind horse in a mill, who, the longer he moves in his circle, only gets the blinder, until at last he staggers and falls, to rise no more.

Hence it is that royal families degenerate. Though sprung originally from an excellent stock—such as heroes and statesmen, who raised themselves to be the founders of a dynasty—yet by marrying only with royalty, in the course of a few generations, so allied by blood are all the crowned heads, it is impossible to wed within the limits, and not marry a relation. If monarchs were wise, they would break through the silly rules of etiquette, and by marrying peasant girls of sound sense and vigorous constitution, preserve their race from utter degeneracy. They would take their wives from the dairy-room instead of the palace; and their sons might be worthy of the renowned stock from which they sprung.

Some of the nobility occasionally disregard the rules of their order, and marry a girl of plebeian extraction. The taste of the English nobles has latterly run very much upon actresses. These, though of sufficiently humble birth, do not always make the most comfortable wives; and though they may improve the blood of their husbands' race, are very likely to ruin their offspring in their bringing-up. These noblemen do well in looking beyond the pale of nobility for a wife; but they do not wisely in selecting her from the stage. The daughter of a country parson, farmer, or mechanic, who has never been corrupted by the gay world, were a far better match, both for the happiness of the husband and the welfare of the family.

To conclude—the opinion, so prevalent in this country, against the marrying of relations, is a salutary one; and while it prevails, will, if the sentiment in our motto be true, tend to preserve the republican race of the United States in some measure from that degeneracy which has overtaken the aristocracy of the old world.

"IS BEING."

The translators of the Bible were men vastly learned in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but in their vernacular tongue, if modern writers be correct, they were dolts. For instance, they say—"The temple of Solomon was forty years *in building*," whereas a modern writer would say, *in being built*. As for Swift, Addison, Goldsmith, and Johnson—they were mere tyros in the English language—and knew nothing compared with a Cockney of the present day.

It is wonderfully gratifying to perceive the improvement which has been made, in the vernacular, within the last half dozen years. The writers of the days of Queen Anne, never dreamt of the present march of intellect. But, what is particularly gratifying to an American, the improvement in pure English has marched across the Atlantic. There are indeed a few old-fashioned writers, who adhere to the former style, as certain Revolutionary worthies do to their hair-powder and shoe-buckles; and—stupid that they are!—cannot be made to believe in the beauty or the correctness of the modern improvement.

But if they are obstinate and prejudiced, others are not so; and the friends of elegant speaking cannot help feeling gratified at the spread of pure modern English. It has made considerable progress downwards; and chambermaids and hostlers, as well as novelists and editors, are now getting it to a T. Even Toby and Phillis, Dinah and Cato, speak it remarkably well.

"Phillis!"

"Wal, sir."

"Is your mistress dressing for church?"

"No, sir, she's not dressin—but *she's bein drest.*"

"Being drest!—what's the difference?"

"All difference in de word, massa; it's bery improbern to say dressin."

"Who taught you so? Did your mistress?"

"No, sir—I larns it o' Pomp—and Pomp, he larns it o' Cato—and Cato, he gets it o' Sambo. Dat's de only erect way of speakin, massa. All de gentry spoke so now. Misser Dash, *wat's bein courtin* young Missus, he spokes so. He says, I hab a new coat *bein made* to go to ball; and den he says moreober besides, my whisker *is bein grown* finely eber since I grease him wal wid de massacre oil. Den dere's our Pomp, he speak 'em erect Inglish, almost as wal as Misser Dash. He says todder night, *I'm bein kitched* a mon'sous cold, Phillis; I wants some bollubble liniment to rub my troat wid. Den dare's Cato Coffee, he speaks 'em same limbo. I axes him todder mornin wy he no got on a clean collar—cause, says he, I *ant bein shaved* yet. Wy, massa, de new limbo all de go now."

"It is, ha? Well, Phillis, you shall be all the go—out of the house—if you don't leave off your new limbo, as you call it."

"Well, massa, wen *I'm bein gone*, I hopes you'll gib me a crackter for spokin true Inglish—dat is, in de new way—cause widout dat, massa, *I'll neber bein* get a place."

Another specimen of the new and improved style may be found in the following letter, from a boarding school miss:

"Dear Ma,—I *am now being teached* the spanish langwage whitch my Tutoror says I learn with great fasillity—Ive improoved amazingly in the english sints Ive been here—don't you think I have?—I speck and right the real new stile now—and my compisitions *are being werry much admyred* among the puppils of the school—I come within won of gitting the meddle for being the best english schollar at the clows of the last quarter—and I shood a don it, but I *was being* sick a bed and coodnt attend to my studies for a hull weak and sow I got behindhand—by the buy Ma, what shocking inglish you do right! Ime ashamed to sho your Letters to eny of the misses among my ackwaintance—for instants you say while the tea-water was bileing tother day—etcterah and so forth—now you should a said while the tea-water *was being bil'd* etcterah and so forth—Pa two rights just as incorreckt—for instants he says in his laste letter french goods is falling werry much of late—instid of saying french goods *is being fell*—Ime really shocked that you and hee dont keep paice with the March of modern improovement—but *Ime being called* this minit to excite my spannish lessen—so I must wind off, and superskribe myself your affectionate dawter—
MIRANDA MACKERELL.

P.S. *Ime being* now werry neardy out of kid shues and hop youle send me a dazzen pear by the neckst male—in haist— M. M."

A LECTURE ON HEADS.

The Reverend Mr. Graham, who is now lecturing at Clinton Hall, on various matters and things, delivered a most amusing discourse, on Monday evening, on the subject of Phrenology.

He had got upon a subject where he could display his talent at satire to advantage. He lectured for two hours and a half, and kept the audience a great part of the time in a roar of laughter. In fact, we know of nobody, excepting Old Barnes, who can compete with the Reverend gentlemen in exciting the risibility of an audience. He would make an excellent comedian; and seems rather to have been cut out for the stage than the pulpit. He tells a story admirably, and acts it out to the life. Having abandoned sermonizing for lecturing, he has doubtless discovered that his talents are better calculated for a popular audience, than for the grave assemblages of a place of worship.

In his lecture on heads, he related some very laughable anecdotes. He told how Dr. Gall first discovered his talent in phrenology. He found it very difficult, when a student, to remember his lessons; and being reproved by his master for his backwardness, he excused himself by saying that he did the best he could, and that he could not possibly remember what he had studied, *because his eyes didn't stick out!*—he having taken notice that those who had full eyes had the best memories.

In speaking of the organ of *self-esteem*, the Rev. gentleman gave his audience a prodigious rap over their sconces. This is an organ, said he, which I've no doubt you're all in want of; and if you will apply your hands to your heads, you will find, instead of a bump, that they're all *as flat as a pancake*.

Towards the close of his lecture, he introduced a cast of a very finely shaped head. Every body admired it. That, said they, must have been the head of some great and good man. The lecturer pointed out the organs of *benevolence*, and of *veneration*, as being respectively in a very high degree developed, and indicating, that the possessor was an exceedingly pious and good man. The hearers were on tiptoe to learn who it could have been, when the speaker said, *This, gentlemen and ladies, was the head of the notorious pirate and murderer*, GIBBS!

CAUSE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—"If," says the author of Lacon, "a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year seventeen hundred and thirty, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally *thrown into* the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year seventeen hundred and thirty two, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great."

This is a high compliment to the father of his country; but no American, as much as he honors the memory of Washington, will believe that our independence is owing to the trifling incident above detailed—even allowing that from thence we derived the immortal leader of our armies. Other causes, more important, lost America to Great Britain; and it was not the influence of one, nor of half a dozen men, that enabled us to throw off the yoke. The same attempt for liberty would have been made, had there been no Washington; and, though its success might have been longer delayed, it would have finally prevailed. There was a spirit in the people, which could not have been kept under for any great length of time; and where a people are determined to be free, and have the physical power to enforce that determination, a leader will not be wanting to conduct them to victory and independence.

Besides, it is in the nature of things, that large colonies should after a while become independent of the mother country. They are like children, who, when they arrive to a certain age, feel as though they have a right to think and act for themselves; and will not long continue under the government of the parent—especially if that government be overbearing and tyrannical.

LOVE AND SEA-SICKNESS.—A lover, who embarks on the pathless ocean, bewailing the absence of his mistress, and laboring under the effect of sea-sickness, must be truly an object of commiseration. Sick at heart, and sicker still at stomach, the waves, which bear him from his lady-love and turn his stomach topsy-turvy, can have no charms for him. In such an uncomfortable situation has Lord Byron, in one instance, placed his hero, Don Juan. The following description, especially in the last stanza, is so ludicrous, that the hero himself, suffering from the two combined causes, would scarcely read it without laughing. The lover, apostrophising his mistress, and ready to take an oath of everlasting fealty, thus proceeds:—

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh! my fair!
Or think of any thing, excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor—
Pedro! Battista! help me down below.)
Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
Oh, Julia!—(this cursed vessel pitches so)—
Beloved Julia! hear me still beseeching—
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)"

MONKISH LEGENDS.—We find, in a note to Lacon, the following account of the marvellous things wrought in olden times, in the Catholic church. Some of their Saints, especially Dunstan, Dominicus, and Lupus, must have been fond of a practical joke; and pretty *cute* hands at playing it off too, to have so far got the weather-gage of the devil—for he is said to be an *old one*.

"The legends of their saints abound with stories of prodigious things; some of which are ludicrous; as their St. Swithin's making whole a basket of eggs, by the sign of the cross: Patricius making the stolen sheep bleat in the thief's belly after he had eaten it; then St. Bridget's bacon, which in great charity she gave to a hungry dog, and was, after the dog had eaten it, restored again in her kettle. Of the like nature is their story of St. Dunstan, who took the devil by the nose with his tongs, till he made him roar; Dominicus made him hold the candle till he burnt his fingers; Lupus imprisoned the devil in a pot all night; a consecrated host being put into a hive of bees, to cure them of the murrain, was so devoutly entertained, that the bees built a chapel in the hive with steeple and bells; erected an altar, and laid the host upon it, and sung their canonical hours like monks in a cloister."

EPIGRAM.—Some time towards the close of the last century, the British Admiral, Keppel, was tried by a court martial, on a charge of having shown too much *prudence* in a certain naval engagement. He was assisted on his trial by Edmund Burke, and was honorably acquitted. Soon after this, the freedom of the city of London was presented to him in a box of *Heart of Oak*; and on the same day Rodney received the same compliment, in a box of GOLD. The latter was at that time known to be laboring under pecuniary embarrassment, and the following well pointed epigram appeared on the occasion:

"Each favorite's defective part
Satiric Cits you've told;
For cautious Keppel wanted *heart*,
And gallant Rodney, *gold*."

A PIGGISH ILLUSTRATION.—A country girl, who had several sisters married badly, was about herself to take the noose.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

"A fudge for the example of my sisters!" exclaimed the girl with spirit—"I choose to make trial myself. Didn't you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose; gets it scalt; and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose, and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows suit, and he squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never think nothing of those before; but all in turn thrust in their noses, just the same as if the first hadn't got burnt, nor squealed at all. So it is with us girls in regard to matrimony. So now, Coz, I hope you're satisfied."

SELECTIONS.

A PUBLIC DAY AT THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

"On a fine spring morning, in the season of roses and of lilacs, you may see crowds from every part of Paris hastening to this institution, through the beautiful gardens of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and the Jardin des Plantes. Parents with deaf and dumb children, boys and girls from the boarding-schools, parties of foreigners and of natives; citizens, nobles, ambassadors, bishops, deputies, cardinals, peers, princes, and even kings, form, in the great hall of the institution, a motley assembly. On the right hand side of this vast apartment are seated the female deaf and dumb pupils, from the ages of five to eighteen, in dresses of pure white, with sashes of sky blue; on the left are placed the males, in grey uniforms, with sky blue facings.

What serenity appears in those young and lovely features! What vivacity and rapidly varying expression in the countenances! The happiness of innocence beams from their looks as they use those gestures, rapid as lightning, to which they are forced to have recourse as a substitute for words. Poor children! destined never to hear the accents of a brother, of a kind and tender mother, or a voice still sweeter, which sends a thrill of delight through the heart! Never will they enjoy the delights of harmony—for them valleys have no echo—for them there is no soft murmur of the brook. They never will feel agitation at the sound of a falling leaf, or the rustling of a silk gown in the outskirts of a wood. In vain does the nightingale chaunt its vernal lay—in vain do the feathered songsters of summer utter their hymns of joy—all is lost to them. The distant and religious sound of bells, which seems to ascend as it grows fainter, and to carry its last harmonies to heaven—all the voices and treasures of melody—all the beauties and delights of sound—are to these interesting children as if they did not exist.

Here are the twin brothers, Martin, born at Marseilles, both deaf and dumb; alike in stature, countenance, and even in habits. So perfect, indeed, is their resemblance to each other that it is impossible to distinguish them. They are artists, and are well known at Paris as gaining their livelihood by portrait-painting.

* * * * * *

These amiable twins have the most polished manners, and what is still better, honest and upright minds. They are accompanying, with the most respectful attention, as you perceive, that tall and handsome woman. She is their countrywoman, and, although advanced in years, retains many of the graces of youth. She is a mother, and her retinue is composed of twelve children, six of either sex, grouped around her. The ages of the latter, born in pairs, are six, eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, and eighteen, and by a strange freak of nature they speak, or are deaf and dumb, in alternate pairs. * * * * *

How marvellous is our alphabet! It would seem the very last effort of human genius! That beautiful conception of reducing the elements of speech to a very small number, and representing them by as many characters or letters, is a master-piece of the human mind. * * With the organ of speech, man has received from the Deity, voice, accent, song, and words, which he can exercise either separately or together. He can lament with the mourner, rejoice with the light-hearted, roar with the lion, coo with the dove, sing with the morning bird, whistle with the winds, sigh with his beloved, and speak with man. * * The language of action, or gesture, by giving a body to thought, and speaking as it were *by things*, brings abstract ideas under the dominion of the imagination and of the senses. This principle of natural mnemonics renders the abstract and the concrete inseparable.

Ask a pupil, without giving him time for reflection, to show you *one*. He will immediately present his *stick*, his *hat*, or any other object. Observe to him that he is showing you *an object*, and not the number *one* alone, and separated from every object; and he will hold up his finger, to which you will make the same objection. He will next try a line in the air; but this line leaves no trace; and even if it were imprinted, permanent and visible, it would only show him the impossibility of designating the number *one* distinct from any physical object. Hence he becomes convinced that he cannot separate the abstract from the concrete, and that such separation is perhaps impossible to be conceived. * * *

It is, in our country, one of the defects of the age to separate *instruction* from *education*. How absurd and foolish is it to consider the mind of an unfortunate child as a repository into which every thing may be crammed, without paying any attention to his heart, to the direction of his inclinations, or to the cultivation of those dispositions upon which his future happiness depends.

Education and instruction ought to be inseparable. If it be impossible to give to infancy a clear conception of the greatness of man's destiny, of the immortality of his soul, and the eternity of his future life—let us at least attempt to give him some notion of these things.'

We shall close this paper with the extraordinary answers to questions proposed to some of the elder pupils on the public day, to which M. Paulmier's article refers.

"*Q.* 'What is *eternity*?'

Answer by Massieu. 'It has neither birth, death, youth, infancy, nor old age. It is to-day, without either yesterday or to-morrow; the circular day without succession, the *non-age*.'

Q. 'What is a *difficulty*?'

Answer by the same. 'A possibility with an obstacle.'

Q. 'What is *ingenuousness*?'

Answer by Clerc. '*Ingenuousness* is being natural, frank, and candid, without cunning or disguise, and free from subterfuge in word or action. Peasants and country people are generally *simple*, because their mind is not cultivated; children and youths of good family, who have been well educated, are ingenuous because their hearts are not corrupt.'

Q. 'What do you understand by *idea, thought, judgment, reasoning, and method*?'

Answer by Berthier. '*Idea* is the result of attention, and paints the object to the mind; *thought* unites two or more ideas in comparison; *judgment* decides upon their value; *reasoning* connects these comparisons and judgments, and deduces one from the other; and *method* is the art of doing anything according to rule.'

Q. 'What is *grace*?'

Answer by Gazan. '*Grace* is something divine diffused over the whole body, and apparent in motion and gesture.'

'*Grace* is a gift—a favour.'

'*Grace* is the aid of divine inspiration.'

Q. 'What is *modesty*?'

Answer by the same. '*Modesty*, the most interesting of virtues, colours the brow of an honest man, or that of a young virgin with a delightful carnation. It is a legitimate antipathy evinced by an amiable blush, at the sight of anything repugnant to chastity.'

Q. 'What is *clemency*?'

Answer by Berthier. 'A magnificent pardon.'

Q. 'What is the difference between a *handsome* woman and a *pretty one*?'

Answer by Gazan. 'A *handsome* woman has a powerful charm which excites our admiration. She strikes us by the noble and regular proportions of her body, and by the roses and lilies of her complexion. A *pretty* woman pleases and interests us by the delicacy of her features and the grace of her manners. She is like a jewel which we love more than we admire. A *handsome* woman is handsome only in one way; a *pretty* one is pretty in a thousand.'

Q. 'What is the difference betwixt *fine* and *magnificent*?'

Answer by the same. 'For works of art or productions of the mind to be *fine*, they must have regularity, a noble simplicity and grandeur; but *magnificence* adds to them an extraordinary splendour arising from an assemblage of perfections and proportions, which we cannot help admiring. A union of the *fine* and the *magnificent*, produces the *sublime*, which elevates, ravishes, and transports us. The sublime is always natural.'

Q. 'What is *happiness*?'

Answer by the same. 'To taste of the enjoyments of life, is only pleasure. *Happiness* is the peace of conscience.'

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS AT ST. LUCIA.

The Barbadoes Globe of 28th Jan. contains an article from which we extract the following paragraphs—

On Thursday, just before putting our paper to press, we received accounts from St. Lucia of some importance. We could then merely state, that the distraction that prevailed in the Island amounted almost to civil war. Business was entirely suspended. The merchants and shopkeepers had refused to open their stores and shops, in consequence of having been required to take out licenses, and pay enormous taxes in advance. Upon this determination being communicated to the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Bozon, His Excellency laid an Embargo upon the vessels in port. A gentleman attempting to get on board a Halifax trader off the Harbour, going to Martinique, was stopped by the Comptroller of His Majesty's Customs, and dragged before the Attorney-General. The private letters found about him were taken from him, and sent to the Government office, where they were opened; and not less than six highly respectable merchants were arrested and committed to prison upon a charge of high treason! The ground on which the charge was pretended to have been founded, amounted to conspiracy against the Government. The fact was, that the merchants having ascertained that his Excellency had drawn a bill for £500 sterling on the Lords of His Majesty's Treasury, which was to be sent over to Martinique for the purchase of provisions, they deemed it prudent to advise their correspondents there, that the bill in all probability would not be accepted, and that, in the event of its being returned, there was no money in the colonial chest to discharge the amount, the colony being in debt, by the Treasurer's account up to the 31st Dec., £8000 sterling. His Excellency's conduct on this occasion establishes his incapacity to perform the arduous duties of the important situation he fills. It is charity to him to suppose that he was the dupe of some designing knave.

It appears that, in order to replenish the exhausted treasury, and to discharge the arrears due to public officers, amounting to no less than 8000*l.* sterling, the Governor and Council deemed it expedient to augment the rate of taxation, and to command the taxes to be paid, in advance, prior to the 20th instant. In addition to these unexampled impositions, the Merchants were ordered to provide themselves with licenses. This they peremptorily rejected, as it would have placed them so far under the immediate control of the Government, as to render them liable to the caprice of any despotic chief, who could withdraw their licenses at pleasure. A remonstrance against such oppressive exactions was prepared, and His Excellency the acting Governor was earnestly petitioned to reduce the taxes to the scale of last year, and to let them be paid at the usual time, the 30th June. His Excellency would not accede to this very reasonable request; and the Merchants and Shopkeepers determined on closing their Stores and Shops, and to pay no taxes until the Executive should consent to some accommodation for their relief. There was only one exception, and the individual had previously paid his levy. The resolution was carried into effect on Monday the 16th of January, when none of the Stores, &c. in Castries were opened. Imagining that it was done to render inoperative the new Slave Code, and to starve the Slave population, Lieutenant-Colonel Bozon issued a Proclamation, calling on all liege Subjects to resume their several callings, under pain of being prosecuted for high crimes and misdemeanors. The following is the document:

A PROCLAMATION,

By His Excellency, Lieutenant Colonel Mark Anthony Bozon, Major of 93d Regiment, Senior Officer administering the government of the Island of Saint Lucia, &c. &c.

"Whereas it has appeared to me that some evil disposed individuals have conspired and combined to impede and oppose the measures of the Executive Government of this Colony, and have induced others by their influence and example to co operate in such measures: And whereas under the influence of such illegal combinations, the several Stores and Shops of this Town have been closed since the morning of Monday the 16th instant—all business suspended—and all classes of the inhabitants exposed to serious and distressing privations by such proceedings: And whereas such measures are not only calculated, but evidently intended to render inoperative His Majesty's Order in Council of the 2d of November last, for ameliorating the condition of the Slaves in this Colony, by affording a pretext to inconsiderate or designing persons of evading His Most Gracious Majesty's humane and benevolent intentions toward the Slave population of this Colony, under the plea of inability to obtain supplies of food and clothing for that portion of His Majesty's subjects: And whereas such conduct is calculated to produce excitement among the Slave population, and most injurious consequences to the community at large, and to afford a pretext of representing the Slave population as undeserving His Majesty's favour and protection. Now I, Mark Anthony Bozon, Senior Officer administering the Government of Saint Lucia, acting under the power and authority in me vested, do hereby proclaim that all persons who have heretofore entered into or may hereafter enter into such illegal combinations will be held responsible to the Laws for high crimes and misdemeanors, and be punished accordingly. And I do hereby order and command all Merchants, Shopkeepers, and all other persons in this Town, and throughout this Colony, concerned in such illegal combination, to re-open their Stores and Shops and legally resume their several callings on or before Monday Morning the 23d instant, under pain of the consequences: And I do hereby order and recommend all His Majesty's Loyal Subjects within this Colony, to govern themselves according to this Proclamation.

'Done at the Government Office in Castries, this 18th day of January, 1832, and in the Second Year of His Majesty's Reign.

"By His Excellency's Command.

"George Washington Busteed, Chief Secretary.

"*God Save the King.*"

[The proclamation was disregarded, and an outline of what took place thereupon is given above.]

Law.—*Bolt Iron.*—In the case of the U. S. vs. J. F Sarchett, lately decided in the U. S. District Court at Philadelphia, it appeared that in January, 1831, Mr. S. imported from England a number of casks containing short pieces of bolt iron, cut of the proper length to be converted into links for chain cables, of which he was a maker. It was asserted on the part of the United States, that these were essentially bolt or bar iron, and as such to be charged at $37 a ton. Mr. S. contended that, by the process of cutting, they had assumed a new and definite character, as a manufactured article; and, as such, not being specifically enumerated in the revenue laws, they were to be charged at 25 per cent. ad valorem. A great number of witnesses were examined on both sides. The various points of law and fact were discussed by the respective counsel at considerable length. The verdict in favor of the U. S. is of more than ordinary importance, from the principle which it establishes. If a partial change in an article which still retains its essential character, were deemed sufficient to give it the qualities and denominations of a new manufacture, it is easy to see that there would be but little difficulty in evading the duties in almost every instance. The defendant assented voluntarily to the present suit, for the purpose of having the question decided fairly on its own merits.—*Philad. Inq.*

PASTORAL CONTROVERSY.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight—
Those very popular shapes I hate;
But something twisted like an S—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprison
I often wish my lot was hisn;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she;
But when I look she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's eyes.

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes—
Beneath her smile the garden grows;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

Hood's Comic Annual.

A friendly Remonstrance. The following characteristic epistle was received, *verbatim et literatim*, on Tuesday last by a tobacconist in Union-street, Spitalfields, from a member of the society of Friends, who accidentally broke a square of glass for him. Broadbrim conscientiously went in and paid the money at once "upon the counter;" but finding after a sharp look out for a week that the repairs were not proceeded in, and that in lieu thereof one of Hunt's red pasteboard blacking notices was put in possession of the vacuum, his spirit sunk within him at the unnecessary outlay, and rather than his neighbor should be any the better for the accident, he addressed him from a distant part in the following terms: "William Sawyer: When a Quaker breaks his neighbor's window, the most that can be expected of *him* is, that he pay for it; and when he *has* paid for it, the least that can be expected of his neighbor is, that he repair it. Thou shalt hear from me again if this be not attended to, for the money may as well be expended in postage as lie idle in thy till; but in any case, I calculate that I have paid considerable more than thy window glass is worth, or than the repair thereof can possibly cost thee. Zachariah."

Anecdote.—A member of our legislature, from one of the interior towns, from the cares of business and home, grew thin and poor in the Calvin Edson sense of the word. On his arrival at the metropolis, the good fare of a good Boston landlord, and the relaxation from business, (every body knows it is no great affair to say *yea*, or *nay*, in the House of Representatives,) caused him to grow fleshy and corpulent to such a degree as almost to excite the surprise of his brother legislators. Surprise turned to laughter is the most exciting of all laughter; and it was so in this case, when some incorrigible wag wrote with chalk upon the back of the member's over-coat, "*Fatted at the expense of the State.*" This brief explanation of his sudden rotundity of countenance and frame, the Hon. member unconsciously carried with him nearly a whole day—much to the amusement of his brethren—"at the expense of the state."—*Lowell Journal.*

Facetiæ. The publications of the *Temperance Society* are sold by *Boosey* and Co.!—Bentham being asked his idea of a *chaste* singer, replied, "He is one who ravishes his audience."—Some of Lord Althorp's acquaintance, discussing how his portrait should be represented, one of them rather flippantly suggested, "With his hands in his breeches pockets." "No:" replied L——l, "as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he ought to be drawn with his *hands in the pockets of others.*" To what place should a man go who is going to be married? To *Havre.* (To *have her.*)—A noted quack, who got a deal of money without doing much good to his patient, was told that his profession was told that his profession was a complete *sinecure.* "I kill nobody; so that if the cure is postponed, it is sine *die.*"

Bilderdyk, the celebrated Dutch poet, died at Haarlem in Dec., and was buried in the principal church there with great pomp, on the 23d of the month.

THE GRECIAN MARINER'S SONG.

By Thomas Moore.

Our home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea—
When nature gave
The ocean wave,
She marked it for the free.
Whatever storms befall, boy,
Whatever storms befall,
The island bark
Is freedom's ark,
And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
Behold yon sea of isles,
Where every shore,
Is sparkling o'er
With beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean nests,
Where valour rests
His eagle wing untam'd.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his crescent there?
No!—by our fathers, no, boy,
No! by the cross we show—
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills,
All Greece re-echoes "No!"

THE AGA OF THE JANIZARIES.

(*Concluded.*)

One night, when the paroxysm of my fever seemed to render it possible that I should not see another morning, Septimia determined to watch beside my bed. I was already half dreaming, and seeing squadrons of cavalry slain and being slain, when I was roused by the pressure of a hand on my forehead. It was Septimia's. Overcome with weariness for several nights before, she had fallen asleep, and was tossing her arms in the agitation of a dream. She uttered words too, words that sank into my heart like molten ore. She evidently thought herself transported once more to those early scenes, whose very memory to me was torture. She was straying with her lover; she was parting from him. She was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was abjuring him. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty which had exposed her to my disastrous love. She was drawing the contrast between my almost kingly opulence and her lover's obscure means and rejoicing in the power of thus convincing him that she could abandon the world for his sake.

'Imagine, if human imagination is made for such things, the feelings, the miseries, the immeasurable shame, of the miserable listner. From that moment I flung away all hope, from that moment I determined that the shortest way to happiness was revenge, and that the shortest way to revenge was the best. I devoted her to destruction; I devoted myself; I devoted mankind. My heart was chill no more, the ice round it was fire. I was now neither husband nor man. I was a tiger; and if I did not spring upon my victim, and crush her at the instant, it was that, like the tiger, I might make my spring the more secure; that I might strike her like a destiny; that I might hunt her down with long wretchedness; and then, when I had exhausted the last powers of infliction, triumph, and destroy her at a blow. * * * * *

'These are horrors—but I was a lover and a madman. I was an Italian, and that includes the whole circle of the passions and vices.

'She rose, shook off her dream, and left the chamber to prepare herself for renewed watching, by the freshness of the air that flowed in from the balcony. With the stealthy step of the tiger I followed her. She was standing in the moonlight, and never human being looked more like one of those forms of loveliness that we image descending from the spiritual world. She looked ethereal, and the melancholy smile with which she glanced at the peaceful worlds above—the clasped hands—and the sounds, between sigh and prayer, which rose from her lips, were like the sorrows of a being fallen from those bright orbs, or longing to pass away and be at rest, where the troubles of our stormy existense are felt no more.

'I gazed; and the sense of beauty dissolved my soul. My hand was on my poniard. But how could I lift it against a being that seemed all but already sainted? She prayed too; she wept; I saw the tears glistening on her eyelashes, I *heard* the very beating of her heart. Vengeance was impossible. I resolved to wait for further proof, to task my own heart, to punish myself, who was the true criminal, and with calmness, oh! with what desperate *calmness*, withdraw from her presence, and leave this incomparable creature all that I could now leave her, the right of forgetting her rash and unhappy lord forever.

'While these thoughts were revolving in my heart, while I was thinking of throwing myself at the feet of my wife, confessing my suspicions, my fears, my remorse, and stooping that proud heart to the just humiliation of soliciting her forgiveness, I was startled by the shadow of a figure entering the balcony. My wife uttered a faint shriek, but she did not fly. The stranger did not approach her. It was clear to my eye, rendered keen as the lynx's by jealousy, that they knew each other, and knew each other well. I glided along in the darkness. I heard their whispers—their words were broken, and intermitted with many a sigh. I stood and listened to all. With my heart alternately panting as if it would burst, and then sinking into what I thought the coldness of death; with my breath held, with every faculty of my being all ear, I gathered the broken sounds. I heard the words—leave, anguish, parting, ruin. These were enough. I made a history of them sufficient for madness. The sigh and the tear—the clasped hands and the fainting form, filled up all that was lost. I drew my poniard, and waited but for an opportunity to strike the secure blow which would extinguish the traitor and the traitress together.

'As if to increase the terrors of a moment big with fate to all, the night, which had till now been of more than summer serenity, was changed, and a blast of wild wind, followed by sheets of rain, burst on the palace. Septimia shrunk in fear; the stranger rushed forward to sustain her. Now was my time—with one hand I was at his throat. I saw his glance of astonishment; I heard my wife's scream of terror; I heard but one sound more—his groan—as, with my poniard in his heart, he rolled in dying convulsions at my feet. In another moment, all was silence. Of the three who had just been fevered and glowing with the most vivid emotions of our nature, there were now left but three statues.

'A blaze of lightning that wrapped us all, as if the King of Evil had come on his fiery chariot to exult over his finished work, shewed me, for the first time the features of the stranger. What was my wonder—he was my preserver, my gallant comrade, the Hungarian! But he had died for his crime, and in that thought I was comforted. Fool, and slave that I was! I exalted myself into a minister of that Divine Justice, which existing before all law, strikes the criminal in his most triumphant hour, embitters the blow by the suddenness of divorce from all that he loves, and proudly vindicates Heaven, without the tardy formalities of man.

'From this waking trance I was roused by a voice at my side. It was Septimia's. She pronounced me a murderer, and stained with innocent blood. She was, like myself, an ardent, powerful, sensitive being whose nature had been suppressed by long sorrow; but it now burst forth. She pronounced me hateful to her sight, a slave of jealous fury, and merciless thirster after blood. Taking the dead hand of the unfortunate Hungarian, she kissed it, and pledged herself before Heaven and the dead, *never* to associate with me, never to hold counsel, never to pronounce my name more. I stood and listened to all. Then came the tale. The Hungarian was her first love, and, to my sorrow, her only love. They had been bound to each other by the most solemn vows, until my ill-omened passion at once overthrew his hopes. She would have fled with him, and gladly exchanged opulence and rank for his humble fortunes; but his high and generous spirit revolted against this sacrifice. Insulted by her family, and fearful of bringing to poverty her whom he could endow only with his heart, he left her presence altogether, and disappeared. Her next tidings of him were that he was dead, in the service of Russia, and his scarf and sword were sent to her as a dying remembrance. He had fallen in an engagement with the Turks in Bessarabia. She had now nothing to hope for on earth; and, in listlessness and coldness, she gave way to the will of her relatives, and suffered herself to be wedded to me. All this was told with the quickness of the lightning that flashed round us, and with almost the withering power. The Hungarian had constructed this tale of death to set Septimia at liberty; and then, in human weakness had longed to be near her once again, before he died. He had returned to Austria, entered the service unknown, and lingered only until he could see, with his own eyes, that she was happy with her husband. For years she had not seen him till that night, even then by chance; and the words that passed between them were only those of final farewell.

'I wanted nothing of all this to know that I was miserable; but Septimia was too like myself, to part with the cup of misery while it could hold a single drop more. Her reproaches were terrible—her taunts went to my soul. I felt the native devil within me. I commanded her to be silent, to spare me, to spare herself. It was all in vain. She was, like myself, an Italian, and restraint was at an end. She had thrown off all the feebleness and timidity of the sex. She heaped reproaches on me that fell like coals of fire upon my head; shocked with wonder, almost with awe, on the magnificent indignation and haughty despair of a creature who, but the hour before, was all submission, all tears and tenderness, all calm, cold duty. She now towered in the strength of thwarted love; her very nature seemed to have received a sudden exaltation; her voice was rich, solemn and powerful; her eye sat on me like a conscience, and penetrated me with an intense and agonizing keenness. I felt myself unequivocally bowed down before this majesty of wrath. Writhing through every fibre, and tossed by a frenzy of passion that tortured me as if I had been flung on the waves of the place of unutterable punishment, I might have borne this.' But there are limits to the most patient endurance of man. But to hear her avow her love for the dead, at my feet—to see her press his passive hand to her forehead, to her lips, to her heart—to see her fling herself beside the body, and wildly supplicate that with it she might be laid in the grave! This I could not have borne; yet this I was doomed to hear and see, and shudder over. I felt that to this there must be one conclusion, and that a bloody one; I felt my veins like ice; I felt the steel quiver in my fingers; I implored her not to rouse me to do what must be ruin to us both. She defied me. I adjured her to leave me till I had mastered the rage which was now ready to master me. She but caught the dead hand, and kissed it with wilder fondness. 'One kiss more,' I exclaimed, 'and you die.' The kiss was given, and with a laugh of consummate scorn. I knew not what became of me; I was blind—mentally and bodily blind. I rushed forward to tear the hand from her lips. I heard a shriek; a convulsive grasp dragged me down—we fell together. I heard and felt no more.

'The cold air of the dawn awoke me. I had lain on the marble floor from midnight. I was stiff and cold, and felt as if I had gone through some dreadful dream. But I was soon taught the reality. Septimia was lying dead beside the Hungarian. My poniard was fixed in her bosom. Whether I had stabbed her in my rage, or whether she had fallen the victim to my unlucky hand in the struggle, all was over. There lay the unhappy pair, both guiltless, yet with the heaviest punishment of guilt; both young, lovely, noble; both formed for happy years, and for the richest brightener of the happiest years, mutual love. Yet there they lay, silent, cold, motionless, heartless; their whole current of life and joy stopped in an instant by a murderer's hand. There is sometimes a strange delight in knowing that the worst that can come has come. I felt that strange delight, the hideous joy of a fallen angel fixed in eternal chains. I felt the fierce consciousness of utter and irreparable ruin. I rejoiced in the agony of belief, that the whole power of earth could not free me from a single fetter of my ruin; that I had fathomed the lowest depth of undoing; that all the racks and wheels of tyranny could not add another pang to my mighty misery, my parching and burning up of soul, my perfection of woe. I gazed on the beautiful beings whom I had extinguished; I even felt a frantic pity for them; I composed the scattered locks on their noble foreheads; I whispered a wild prayer for the safety of their souls; I even bathed them with my tears; but they were not tears of repentance; they were the mere surcharge of a heart infuriated and infatuated until it had exhausted itself, and sunk into weakness.

'How long I continued this melancholy task I know not, but I was roused by the approach of my attendants, who were alarmed by not finding me in my chamber. I was then fully awake to myself, and with the dagger still dyed with my wife's blood, attempted to put an end to all my pangs at once. I gave the blow; but my arm was feeble with sickness, and before I could repeat it, I was seized and conveyed to my bed. The catastrophe of this night of horrors, of course, soon reached the ears of justice, and I should have been not unwilling to abide its severity; but my noble house forbade this humiliation, and I was hurried away in a state of stupor from Vienna, many a league.

'My subsequent career is less known, yet more memorable. The dagger had cut away from me all the honors, enjoyments, and hopes of life; what could now stimulate my ambition? Who could now be worth my hate, and who could now awake my love? I abandoned Europe, and went to wander among all nations where I could be farthest from the sight of an Italian face, the sound of an Italian tongue, the slightest memory of times and scenes which yet were imperishably fixed in my soul. But if they were there, they were things in the grave, and their revival was like the fearful summoning of the dead. I traversed Tartary, I plunged into the Siberian winter, I even penetrated the jealous boundaries of the Chinese Empire. Among them all I carried my remorse, but it may have been owing to this pilgrimage that I retained my senses or my life. Labor is the great palliative of human sorrow. Hunger has no time for tears; danger suffers no faculty to sink into lazy uselessness. I learned among those barbarians something more,—the use of those extraordinary powers which nature gives us in the human frame. I learned to endure fatigue which would melt down the hardiest European. I tamed the wild horse of the desert; I swam the cataract; I scaled the mountain. The fiery sun of the south darkened my skin, but it could not wither up my nerves. Winter with its snows and tempests was my pastime. I had soon become distinguished among my half savage comrades for dexterity in the use of arms. This was in some degree the result of my Italian birth. Nature had given me the singular flexibility of form found south of the Alps; no man among the desert riders was my superior at the lance, the scimitar, and the bridle. Distinctions, the distinctions of barbarism, were forced upon me, and I became the captain of a troop. I might have been, perhaps, a Khan in time, and shaken the Russian diadem as a Zingis, at the head of a new uprising of the wilderness. But I felt higher exultation in the commands of our Khan to join the Moslem army in the commencement of one of its most disastrous campaigns. There again distinctions thickened over me. Some feats against the Russian cavalry drew down unbounded praise from the Turkish Agas, and I was fixed in the select troops of the Sultan. I now had an object in view at last. War had become familiar to me. I had cut down the bridge between me and mankind; and even among Turks there is no better way to honours. I was reckless, daring, and remorseless. I had learned to look upon mankind as a race of predestined slaves or tyrants, and whether slaves or tyrants, the natural food for the sword. I spared neither sword nor tongue. I massacred in the field, and I insulted in the council. Of course, I domineered in both. I found folly in the Divan, folly in the field, and defeat, dismay, and ruin every where. I gave them in place of those pledges of ill luck, plain sense, hard fighting, the bastinado, and the flat of the scimitar.

In a single campaign, I restored the Sultan's arms, humbled the Russians, and, what was more, taught the Divan to speak like honest men. But who shall account for the changes of human things? In the last skirmish, when we were pressing the enemy's army to destruction, and cutting them up hourly like weeds, a packet was delivered to me by one of the Saphis, which he had found in the captured baggage. In it was a volume which had belonged to some luckless Italian in the retreating army. It was my own history, mine, compiled by some romancer, but told word for word; with fragments of my wife's letters, and every incident and feature of the whole transaction given in the utmost detail. Romance had done nothing in it. For what exaggeration could it have found in romance? But its perusal that night changed the whole course of my fortunes. It brought back youth, passion, misfortune, misery, in full tide upon me again. The cold and unnatural fierceness of the Janizary chieftain was thawed away at once. The hatred of man, or that more than hatred, the contempt of human nature, which looked upon its joys and sorrows, its struggles and successes, as the sport of flies, made only to be brushed away, or the malignity of reptiles, fit only to be trampled into death; all was gone. I saw before me, in my solitary tent, that night, the countenances of every friend of my early years—I heard the voices once familiar to my heart—I breathed the beloved and balmy air of my native fields—I exulted in the unrivaled splendours of my native sunshine, my native shores, my native hills—First and last in every landscape, in every proud saloon, in every spot of peace and beauty, I saw the two figures that had decided on my fate, and shut the door of happiness upon me. But time had extinguished the intensity of my passions, and with it of my pains. I felt that I longed only to forgive and be forgiven, and lie down and die.

While I was feasting on my lonely banquet of sorrow, the thunders of the Ottoman drums were heard. The contrast was fatal to my soldiership. I felt an instant and irresistible reluctance to the trade of blood. I thought with wonder and with loathing on the savage delight which had hurried me so long through the furies of war. I had shed gore in torrents—and that too, was Christian gore. On my knees I pledged myself to the Heaven which had so long endured me, never to aid the ferocity of king or people again. I loosed the scimitar from my waist, took the poinard from my sash, the turban from my brow, and, throwing over me the cloak of one of the Greek followers of the camp, took my solitary way, and left camp, glory, wealth, the Vizierote, and the world behind.

I never repented this step. I never turned back my tread. I fixed myself among the Thessalian cottagers, and there led a life of labour and contentment. When the war rendered life there precarious, I returned to the hills, for life had become valuable to me, from the time when I found that it could be made useful to my fellow-men. I had been, like the great King of Babylon, driven out from my kind, a proud madman, degenerating into the savage. I had, like him, fed on the dross and weeds of human life. I had spurned, and raged, and raved; and, in the deepest moral humiliation, in the wildest insanity of the heart, had deemed myself lord of all around me. But the terrible dream had passed, with all its phantoms; the convulsed and fearful distress of the soul had subsided. 'The hair, wet with the dew of heaven, and the nails like eagles' claws,' had passed from my nature. I was a man again; and in the joy of my recovered faculties, I resolved to live in future only for the sake of giving help to man, and homage to Him in whose hand man is only the dust of the balance. * * *

I am now, I believe, dying; and I die with the hope that the evils of my career may be forgotten, the good remembered, and the frailties forgiven. The Italian prince, the Mongol captain, the famous Hassan Caramata, the obscure Marabout, all have finished their career, and all are now stretched upon the straw bed of an humble brother of the bare-footed Carmelites. I have, like Solomon, tried the sorrows, the wisdom, and the glories of life—like Solomon, found them all VANITY OF VANITIES."

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

The Spartan women were brutalized by the very laws; and if this be attributed to the savage state of the men, Athens, in her palmiest state of literature and the arts, condemned the female citizens to ignorance, confinement and obscurity. Cultivation was a luxury only to be obtained by the loss of character; a courtesan might be buried amongst heroes, and have her statue placed beside those of the gods; but the virtuous wives and mothers of those heroes were kept to the distaff and the spindle. The Romans, though abundantly austere, treated women better than the more imaginative Greeks. If a less refined they were a more rational people; they had a higher notion of female worth, had less jealousy, and nobly recognized the services of their matrons whenever rendered. In the East, however, where now women are most degraded, they were formerly treated with the most consideration. The Hebrews, as a people, were coarse and ignorant, what Moses emphatically called them, "rebellious and stiff-necked;" left to themselves, they would probably have treated females even worse than the brilliant Greeks and the austere Romans;—it was their theocracy which lightened the feminine yoke, gave to the women political consideration, by allowing them to inherit property in default of sons, and practically proved that souls are equal, by making them occasionally the recipients of the prophetic spirit and instruments of Divine government: at the same time, we never, in the Old Testament, read of any miracle being wrought by the hand of a woman. It does not appear that they were kept in confinement: they were allowed to assist in the construction of the tabernacle, and of their truly feminine offering (their brazen looking-glasses) was made the foot of the laver: they are mentioned by name as bound to become acquainted with the books of the law. (Deut. xxxi. 12.) which law, when first given to the Jews, comprised not only the Jewish religion, but their literature and their history. Protecting notices of the widow and the bond-woman occur perpetually; and, in after times, women, their deeds or their actions are bound up with the Jewish chronicles, they receive just the kind of praise which is given to men, and their actions the prophets denounce their luxury with equal severity; the historians with equal simplicity record their virtues and their crimes; and "the sweet singer of Israel" reminds them of their duty. Legal inferiority they certainly laboured under; but the pervading spirit of the new history is that of tenderness and consideration towards women, the perfection of which was afterwards developed in the same land, and by the professors of the same religion. Leaving the Jews, to whom these merits are attributable to themselves, we find the Phenicians, Babylonians, and Carthaginians treating their women in a superior manner; whilst the Egyptians excelled all antiquity. These were commercial nations; and it would seem, that in this respect commerce, more than conquest or the arts, humanized the feelings and enlarged the understanding. Women were not to them mere articles of show; the Phenicians, and also the Egyptians, employed them in keeping accounts and transacting business. Amongst these nations, women were eligible to the supreme authority. In Egypt, the Princes kept the birth-days of their wives as well as their own, and, in Babylon, they associated with men in festal meetings. In Christian Europe woman has received every variety of treatment, having been esteemed an angel, and treated like an ass. Lord Byron's remark, that he would leap into a river after a woman, but not hand her out of the carriage, is on a par with the chivalric system that led Knights to do battle in honour of her fair eyes, but not to make her comfortable in daily life. The times that poetry and romance have consecrated were not really those most favourable to female happiness: the *preux chevalier* served his mistress as the heathens of old their idols, by dashing and slaying; but he spent little time in her society, and except on grand occasions, she remained immersed in solitude. He fought for, and worshipped the species; but the individual was often coarsely treated, and was perpetually liable to the absurd charge of witchcraft. Francis the First has a right to be called the "gallant Francis," for he was the first who ever introduced ladies at court. The French have invariably claimed precedence in devotion to the sex, in parlance and manner the claim may be allowed; in the sober facts of female freedom and consideration, they must yield to two very sober, matter-of-fact nations (commerce again)—the Americans and the English. French gallantry is even now what their loyalty was in *la grand monarque*—an affair of honor and a matter of taste.—We mean no offence to this brilliant and good-natured people; and we are not speaking of education, but of the national treatment of women in society and of the customs and opinions concerning them. Our fashionable system of education is radically bad; we thank an anonymous French writer for characterising its *pensionats de demoiselles, que font des actrices ou des artistes mais non des meres et des epouses*—but we have not yet acquired materials for a London companion to *Les Intimes*, a book which French critics inform us is a true picture of their "*metropole de la sociabilité*," and which English feeling cannot yet tolerate. We have no fashionable novel like that.—*Athenæum.*

MR. GALT'S NEW WORK—"THE MEMBER."

From the Atlas.

This is the latest production of Mr. Galt. It is described as "a joke upon Scotchmen by a Scotchman," and is thought more severe than would be relished except for the palliation of its source. We find it thus characterised.

"The Member" professes to be the autobiography of a plodding, plotting, and jobbing, and yet a perfectly "honest" Member of Parliament,—for "to be honest now-a-days is" *not* to be "one man picked out of ten thousand," but to be any one of all those of the ten thousand except the ten or the hundred that have not the wit to conceal their knavery. The merit, however, of *Mr. Jobbery* (that is "the Member's" expressive name,) and of the work of which he is the hero, consists chiefly in the *naiveté* by which the said hero persuades himself that he is a pattern of Parliamentary purity. He "gets into Parliament" as a matter of business, and, of course, makes Parliament a matter of business when he gets there; and he succeeds to admiration till the advent of the "Reform Bill," when he "retires in disgust," and writes his life and experience—addressing it to Mr. William Holmes, as a person likely to be as little contented with the new state of things as himself.

The dry humour, the biting sarcasm, and the inexhaustible vein of satire, (utterly unintended and unconscious on the part of the autobiographer himself,) are worthy the author of the "Ayrshire Legatees;" and there are passages of another description which are equally good. We shall give one of the latter class, which can scarcely be surpassed in its homely and simple way.

A CASE OF DISTRESS.

'I have had occasion to mention a Mr. Selby, and how, in my opinion, he was not used well by the administration of the Government towards him. There might be faults on both sides, if things so unequal as a single subject and a Government can be supposed to stand in such relative comparisons; but as it seemed in his case, I must say, as a Government man, the chief fault lay on our side, and I will always think so; for the war was waged between two unequal adversaries—if war it can be called—the attacks of which on the one side, consisted only of earnest and humble petitions.

One night, after a very jangling debate, of which I could make neither head nor tail, and came away, from sheer weariness of spirit, before it was ended, as I was leisurely picking my steps along the plain stones up Palace Yard, the Abbey clock boomed twelve. It was a starry night; the sounds and buzz of the far-spreading city around were sunk into a murmur, as soft as the calm flowing tide on the sands of the sea shore;—it was a beautiful night, and the moon rode high and clear; not a breath was stirring, and the watchman, with his cry of "past twelve o'clock," seemed as suitable to the occasion as the drowsy effigy of a dream going towards a weary politician's pillow. I thought, coming out of the foul air of the close House, that I had never seen such a serene sweet night, since I had left the cool and hallowed shores of the Ganges.

Stepping along with easy paces towards my lodgings in Manchester Buildings, as I passed the steps from Canon Row to the Bridge, I beheld, by the glimpse of the moon, a remarkable young woman sitting there, with several children about her.

At such an hour and time, this was a sight that would have interested any man; and it found me in the season of my softness.

"Young woman," said I, "what are you doing this time of night, with these children, sitting in such a melancholy posture, and in such an out-of-the-way place?"

Her head, at the time, was resting on her knees; but, on hearing me speak, she looked up, and her face was pale and shining, like the moon in the heavens.

"We are," replied she, "waiting."

"This is," quoth I, "a strange place to wait. For whom are you waiting?"

She looked up again, and all the children did so likewise, and then she said, "For death!" and stooped down again, as if she cared not what I thought of her sad answer; but all the children gave a very pitiful wail.

Really, thought I, this is a strange scene to happen to a member coming from a debate for the good of the nation; and I was greatly rebuked and confounded.

"My good young woman," said I, in amazement, "what has put it into your head to make me such a reply?"

She looked up, suddenly, again for a moment, and said "Want."

"Want! my leddy, what do you want?"

"Everything,—parents, shelter, food, clothing, friends,—everything that makes the curse or blessing of life."

This was said as one that was well educated, and it put me in a most disordered state; I could, therefore, do no less than exclaim "My God! what are you to do?"

At which she started on her feet, and said, with a stern voice, "To die!"

The other children at this began to cry, and she turned round and chided them, and then said to me—

"Sir, we are a family in utter misery. I have told you our condition—we are starving—can you help us? will you? if not, go away, and disturb us not while we perish."

I was astonished, for she was but young in her teens, though spoke as dreadful as a matron in years. What could I do but relieve their immediate grief with what small change I happened to have in my pocket? and I told her to take the children with her to where they had been sheltered the night before, and come to me in the morning and tell me her story. So I gave her my address, and bade her only to make haste to a refuge with her small sisters, and then bade them good night.

* * * * * * * *

I did not pass the night with agreeable dreams, and I rose in time for breakfast, with the discomfort of one that had suffered unrest. I had no relish, in fact, for the meal, and my Findhorn haddock was sent away untasted.

Just as the table was cleared, and my writing-desk placed before me, the young woman was announced; and, having desired her to be shewn into the room, I prepared myself to hear a very deplorable story. I had not, however, inquired more than her name, which was Mary Selby, when a deputation from the country, of three gentlemen, was announced, respecting a new canal; I was thereupon obliged to request Mary Selby to retire for a little time, telling her I would see her when the deputation was gone.'

The deputation departs.

'I then desired the servant to shew in the young woman, for I was fashed about her; but James replied to me, that she was a strange behaved girl: "for," said he, "though she is a beggar in rags, she's as proud as Lucifer, and would rather stand in the passage than come down stairs."

"Very well, James," quo' I, "I'll look to that, and ye'll just send her in."

Accordingly, in she came; but instead of the sedate sadness of her former demeanor, I was surprised to see her weeping very bitterly, and yet with an air about her by common, inasmuch that I was in a manner constrained to say—"My good girl, you see business must be attended to; and it was not for disrespect to you that I gave a preference to the gentleman."

"I am well aware of that," she replied; "but in one of the gentlemen I discovered an uncle, who could never imagine that I or my mother's family were in such a distress. Thank Heaven! I have been endowed with fortitude enough to conceal myself from him in the presence of those he was with."

This news startled me exceedingly; and her name recalling to my recollection that of the gentleman for whom I had been formerly so interested with Government, I inquired if she knew any thing of him.

"Yes! he was my father," was the reply. "He is dead, and my mother is dead, and every thing she left is gone and sold; and last night, had you not pitied us, perhaps we had been this morning all no more; but the sight of my uncle has revived my hope, and the despair that was at my heart begins to relent."

Her uncle is found, and the adventure ends by the family being restored to comfort; and mark the extreme shrewdness of the self-reflection which ensues upon this incident.

'It was in the course of this transaction that he explained to me what he was moved to say privately to myself on our first interview; and this was to tell me that he had heard his unfortunate brother mention my name warmly, as one of the very few about the House of Parliament that would listen long enough to understand his grievous and perilous case.

This, I was both proud and sorry to hear, because, to give the devil his due, there is not any wilful shutting of the ear about a member of Parliament on either side; and it only requires reason and method in applying to them to get their good will, if the matter you trouble them with will bear sifting.

So that out of this small adventure, painful as it was, I reaped some good fruit, for, besides the complacency which I enjoyed at hearing how well pleased a most unfortunate man was with me in a very cruel predicament, I had the satisfaction to discern that the course I pursued, of listening with patience even to strangers on private bills, was judicious and in salutary accordance with what the Government naturally expects from members of the private and domestic kind.

A NEW PARLIAMENT.

The aspect of a new Parliament after a change of administration is very comical. On the left side there are stern and vindictive frowns; and on the right, exultation and complacency, interspersed with young unknown visages, of a serious senatorial cast, prognosticating oratory. It is a lucky thing, however, for the country, that the number of these and other speakers is comparatively very few; for, at the best, they are but a necessary evil, and only help the more sagacious editors of the newspapers to make wise reflections. The prudent—those that set a watch on the door of their lips—never speak at all, or at the most, only put a young man right when he happens, in the warmth of debate, to be caught tripping in a Parliamentary fact. But I have less to do with the House than with what happened to myself in and about it.

Whatever resolution a member may form for the guidance of his conduct on first entering Parliament, he will see, as it grows familiar with its usages, that he is constrained by some inscrutable power, to conform very generally, in all things, to the conduct of his neighbours.

I have already said, that the House of Commons is a peculiar community; and every day that I belonged to it, I was the more and more convinced of this truth. Out of doors, men are regulated by public opinion, in their thoughts, their actions, and their enterprises, but within the walls of that House, there is a different atmosphere; members become less and less susceptible of the influence of public opinion, and more and more to the dogmas of Parliament, which the populace, with their usual wisdom, always think are less sound than their own.

I make the remark, because when I took my seat after the election which has just been described, I felt myself elevated above many persons that I saw around me, whom I had previously considered as, in some things, my superiors; if I were to feign candour, I would say all things; but I adhere to the conclusions of my own understanding.

This consciousness of superiority puzzled me a good deal; but I soon saw that it proceeded from the same sort of thing that gives men an advantage over one another in the world, and which often passes for superior understanding. I had only, by being a member of that peculiar community, learned some of those sleights of art inherent in it, similar to those which give men a power over mankind in the world, and likewise often pass for talent. Although therefore, it could not be said that I was a distinguished member of Parliament—my name was never seen in the debates in the newspapers—I yet discovered that I was accounted one of a clever sort, especially among my junior brethren; and thus it came to pass, that I was bit by bit solicited from my own determination, and without becoming a party man, to have a leaning towards those who were more inveterately touched with the patriotism of making long speeches.'

DIPLOMATIC PRESENTS.

In a recent debate in Congress, Mr. Adams made the following remarks.

Mr. A. observed that the appropriation asked for by the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations had been very improperly considered as tribute. It was not tribute; it was not so intended, nor so received. The sentiment of "millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," had been much and very properly admired throughout the country; and if applied to our intercourse with European Powers, it was worthy of all the admiration it had received. The time had been, however, when a maxim directly the reverse of this had been pursued by the Government of this country, and that even under the administration of Washington. At that time it might almost have been said that we gave millions for tribute, and not a cent for defence. We paid to the Regency of Algiers large sums as tribute down to the close of the last war with Great Britain, at which time we began to vote a "cent" for defence. From that period, we had ceased to pay it. He need not say that he referred to the achievement of that gallant hero, Decatur. It had liberated us from tribute. But the making of presents was a very different thing. This had from time immemorial been customary in the intercourse with all the Asiatic Powers. It was by means of presents that one of the most important treaties had been effected which ever took place among men. He spoke of the treaty effected for the Czar Peter by the immortal Catharine, at a time when his army was nearly gone, and nothing was left him but his wife. Catharine resolved, in this emergency, to attempt a negotiation. She attempted it, and succeeded. She collected all the diamonds and other valuables she had about her person, and in one night effected the liberation of her husband. And it was to be ascribed to this very policy of making presents that posterity had ever heard the name of Peter the Czar. But for this, that great man would at that time have been destroyed. The usage had been universal among the Powers of the East from time immemorial. And as to the usage of our own Government on that subject, the gentleman at the head of the committee on Foreign Affairs had referred the House to the practice of Mr. Jefferson. But he might have gone much farther back; for we have been in the habit of giving presents ever since we have been a nation. Our first treaty with France had been effected through the influence of presents—by presents given by our Ministers at Versailles; and the old Confederation had allowed our Ministers not only to give presents, but to receive them in return. Mr. A. said he was not indeed sure but presents of some kind had been received by our commissioners in the present case. What had become of them, he did not know. Not an Emperor of Morocco died, but this country made presents to the successor; not a Bey of Tunis, nor a Dey of Algiers, fell by disease, or died by the hand of some loving brother, but presents were still made to the new occupant of the throne. Congress, indeed, did not see the appropriation, nor vote the money for that specific object: the Executive drew the necessary supply from a fund set apart for the contingencies of foreign intercourse. So that, if the worthy gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Whittlesey) insisted upon considering presents made to barbarian governments as tribute, he was paying every day not only many "cents" but many dollars, and many thousands of dollars for tribute. But the matter was not so considered elsewhere. Nay, the practice of making presents in conducting negotiations prevailed even in Europe. We ourselves received presents on such occasions, notwithstanding the provision in the Constitution to the contrary. The identical snuff-box to which his colleague had alluded had been in Mr. A.'s own hands. It had been offered to him by the Minister with whom he had concluded a treaty. The offer took him by surprise, being wholly unexpected, and the task of refusing was rendered more embarrassing from the circumstance that the box contained on its lid a portrait of the reigning sovereign. He had, however, been obliged to say to the Minister that it was with great regret he was compelled to refuse a present of that description, but he must do so, as the Constitution of his own Government forbade him to accept of it. The Minister had replied, that there was a similar regulation among European Powers, but the difficulty was always got over by the Minister's applying to his sovereign for leave to accept, which was never refused. The Minister therefore continued to press the snuff box upon him, urging him to take it, and suggesting a similar expedient to get over the prohibition of the Constitution. Mr. A. however, had assured him that it would be very useless for him to make such an application, as he apprehended his sovereign would not be very ready to grant it. He had therefore requested him to retain the box, and he had accordingly done so. So customary was this form of civility, that this was not the only instance which had occurred to himself. He had been offered presents in like manner in other countries. In Holland, it was the practice to present a heavy gold chain having a large medal appended to it, to every foreign minister on his leaving the Hague. In England (where they stuck closer to matter of fact) it was customary to ask a Minister on his departure, whether he chose to receive a snuff-box containing a portrait of the king, or a present of the like value in money. Some gentlemen, who were more sentimental, preferred accepting the box. Others who looked closer to the pocket, received a sum of money. So perfectly was the thing understood, that there was a regular graduation of the value of these presents according to the grade of the minister to whom they were to be made, from an ambassador, down as low he believed as to a secretary of legation. It had happened to him when engaged in negotiating a treaty with that power, that the British minister had put the question to him. Mr. A. had replied that it was not in his power to accept either. The minister replied, that he had himself received many of these presents, but never without experiencing a sense of shame.

A very good principle on that subject has been established by the Directors of the East India Company. In their intercourse with the nations of the East, the company always made valuable presents, and permitted their agents to receive corresponding presents in return. But the value of the presents thus received, was always charged to the Minister, so much on account towards his salary. This, in the policy of merchants who were princes and who united glory with interest in all their concerns, might be a very proper arrangement. He had mentioned these facts, for the purpose of showing how universal the practice was. Our own Government indeed formed the only exception, and even that exception was not uniform—for he believed that there was seldom an Indian treaty made in which we did not make presents, whether we received any or not. The Indian Chiefs, indeed, were often much disposed to make presents on such occasions, so that whether nations were in a state of barbarism, or had advanced to the highest degree of civilization, there still seemed to be something which suggested, that, in order to propitiate man to man, it was necessary that something should be given.

RUDDERS OF SHIPS.

A number of vessels having suffered the loss of their rudders at sea this winter, the N. Y. Nautical Institution and Ship Masters' Society appointed a Committee to investigate and report on the best means of averting such calamities. As the subject is one of great importance both to life and property, and attractive as a matter of scientific enquiry, we annex the report:—

"That they have given great attention to the subject; for they deem no part of a ship of such vital importance as the rudder; for should it become disabled, while scudding in a hard gale, with a heavy sea, the ship would either broach to, or be taken by the lee, by which there would be great danger of losing the masts, and having the decks swept, or of foundering stern foremost: therefore, too much pains cannot be bestowed, in making the steering apparatus as perfect as possible. The rudder, like the anchor, is the result of the experience of many ages; therefore, the approaches towards perfection must be slow and gradual.—Your committee must confess, that after the closest investigation, they have not been able to bring forward any new discovery or invention, but merely to glean a few ideas from the best of those which have come within their notice. Your committee are, however, firmly of the opinion, that a rudder, properly constructed, according to the best plans now in use, would rarely, if ever, be lost at sea, especially if properly managed. It may not be thought unworthy of remark, that no vessel of the United States Navy has lost a rudder at sea within the recollection of the oldest officer. It is true, that on a vessel's going ashore, the loss of the rudder would be inevitable in many cases, however well it might be constructed and secured.

In all important matters relating to ships, they deem it most prudent to give a preference to those plans that have stood the test of long experience, and have answered well, instead of hastily adopting any new plan however feasible at first sight it may appear, they therefore, all things considered, prefer those plain rudders that have been long in use by maritime nations, especially in ships of war, where the best practical talents and science, have been engaged in bringing them to their present degree of perfection. This rudder is straight on the forward part from top to bottom, moving freely in a polygonal trunk or case, above which is inserted the tiller in a square head, well banded, the breadth at the loaded water line being about three-fifths of that at the keel. It is desirable that it should be no wider than is requisite to govern the ship, without in any case making a greater angle with the keel than forty-five degrees; because if too wide, it acts as a powerful lever on the braces, when the ship has quick sternway.

Long tillers are preferable to short ones, because, in case of the tiller ropes giving way, it could be more easily managed; besides, they require less aid from blocks or pullies, and when the rudder is struck by a sea, the long tiller by yielding a little, gradually resists its force, and acts as a spring does on a carriage. The number and size of the braces will depend on the size of the ship; but all vessels over three hundred tons should not have less than four sets below the counter.

The metal of which they are formed should possess the greatest strength and durability; there is a reason to suppose that too much zinc has been used instead of copper, in some instances. The gudgeons should be well fastened to the stern-post and bottom, and should be much stronger than the pintles; because when the latter only give way, a new rudder can be shipped while the ship is afloat, with all her cargo on board; thus saving the time, trouble, and expense of unloading, heaving out, or going into dock.

When the rudder braces give way, in a heavy sea, it becomes necessary to get clear of the rudder as quickly as possible, to prevent its tearing away the counter; the trunk should not therefore be too small, and the tiller should be attached to the rudder head in such a manner, that it could be quickly disengaged. There is one objection to what is called the patent rudders, that they are so closely confined in the case, as not only to cause much unnecessary friction, but it becomes extremely difficult to disengage them from the ship; and when the iron bands on the head are not let in flush with the wood, which is often the case, the difficulty is greatly increased. The tiller should be inserted low down upon the rudder as possible, having a great tendency to twist it, when placed too far above where it meets the resistance of the water. It is found that round timber twists more easily than any other form, of the same cubic contents, and that crooked timber twists more easily than straight, even when not grain cut. These circumstances, together with the difficulty of getting a patent rudder made at many places where a ship might be compelled to visit, and that in using them the stern post must be cut off at the transom, instead of being attached to the upper deck frame, which gives additional strength to the ship; and also that the weakest part of the rudder might be injured or defective in the case, where it could not be seen, are the principal objections to the patent rudder. Your committee however have no doubt that patent rudders can be made sufficiently safe, if well proportioned, and every part be made of suitable materials."

Fortune's Frolic.—There was lately a performer acting at the Dover Theatre, on a salary not passing 25s. a week, and of course, though he had served in the army, he was somewhat puzzled how to carry on the war, when news came that a younger relative, a baronet, was no more, and that the actor succeeded to the title, and 17,000*l* per annum. The person alluded to is Sir —— Anstruther; he was eating a shilling dinner in one of the Bow street ordinaries, when the newspaper containing the account of the death of his relative, was placed in his hands.—*Eng. pap.*

Lord Francis Levison Gower will resume his *private theatricals*, at Bridgewater House, when the season is further advanced. The fair hostess, the noble Lord himself, Miss Fanny Kemble, and Mrs. Bradshaw (once Miss Tree), will again figure in the representations of this tastefully decorated theatre.—*Ib.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 25th, Henry Sanders, to Miss Harriet Thompson.

On the 26th Griffin Barber, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Nicholas Schermerhorn, Esq.

On the 26th, Alexander Cameron, to Miss Catharine W. Lawrence.

On the 25th, George S. Potts, of Trenton, N.J. to Miss Mary Boudinot, of Rahway, N.J.

On the 26th, Edwin Keeler, to Miss Ann Griffin.

On the 29th, Robert Baby, to Miss Maria R. C. daughter of the late H. M. Beare, Esq.

At Greenville, N. York, Thomas Jackson, to Miss Mary Simons.

At East Haddam, Conn. Austin L. Beebe, to Miss Lucy Hayes.

At Boston, George Pitts, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sophronia Hopkins, of Hampden, Me.

At Saco, Me. Rev. Jonas Whitman, pastor of the 2d Congregational church in that town, to Miss Mary Fairfield.

At Marlborough, N. H. Wm. Chadwick, Esq. of Lynn, to Miss Susan Goodnow, of Grafton, Vt.

At Eastport, Me. Dr. Solomon M. Judkins, to Miss Henrietta Hendricks; and John A. Smith, of Baltimore, to Miss Sophia [illegible]

DIED,

In this city, on the 28th, Mary B. wife of Thomas M. Huntington, aged 36.

On the 28th, Mrs. Ann Wiseman, wife of Josiah Wiseman.

On the 26th, Mrs. Mary Carr, relict of the late Joseph Carr, aged 66.

On the 26th, Deborah, wife of Abiel P. Edwards.

On the 26th, Miss Elizabeth Lefferts, aged 21, formerly of Goshen, Conn.

On the 27th, Mrs. Mary Peach, wife of John Peach, aged 52 years.

At Utica, Epenetus White, late a merchant of that place, aged 58.

At Glenville, N.Y. Mrs. Esther Hedges, relict of the late Stephen Hedges, of L.I.

At Vernon, N.Y. Mrs. Eliza Hempstead, wife of Gideon Hempstead, aged 42.

At Rossville, Oneida co., Mrs. Abigail, wife of Henry Graves, Esq. aged 41.

At Saybrook, Mrs. Abigail Martin, relict of the late Hon. Samuel Martin, aged 84.

At New London, Ct. Jacob Sheldman, aged 68; and Anne Whipple, aged 62.

At Newburyport, Francis Tuxworth, aged 79.

At Ipswich, Deacon Thomas Knowlton, aged 79.

At Shaftsbury, Vt. Daniel Pettit, a soldier of the revolution, aged 86.

At Barnstable, Miss Deborah Taylor, daughter of the late Capt. Joshua Taylor.

At Sutton, in Ashfield, Wm. Butcher—he dropped down dead while accompanying his daughter on her way to church to be married.

At Richmond, Me. Miss Eliza Lovejoy, daughter of the late Abel Lovejoy.

At Philadelphia, John Bucking[illegible], aged 53, for many years a messenger to the Board of Health.

At Lorain, Ohio, Rev. Martin Ruter. He was very eccentric in his life, and equally singular in death. He was buried on the east side of his dwelling, in the following manner, agreeably to his own previous directions. His grave was made very large, walled up with stone, and raised two feet above the surface of the ground. It was closely sealed with a single stone [illegible]. The coffin was splendid in its exterior, while the inside [illegible] was another lining of flannel. A bag of hops was placed under his head. The shroud was made of flannel.

At Fort Niagara, Major Elijah Boardman, of the U. States Army.

At Charleston, S.C. Mary Maynard, daughter of Samuel Allen, of this city, aged 19.

At Mount Vernon, near Matanzas, Cuba, Henry Bush, of this city, late of the house of G. G. & S. Howland, aged 31.

At Bristol, Eng. Oliver P. Stone, of London, formerly of New York.

FASHION, BEAUTY AND ECONOMY.

Of all the fashions that adorn our race,
The "Brighton Hat" can boast superior grace.

HATS, it is well known, more strikingly affect the appearance of gentlemen, than any other article of dress. But as fashions are constantly changing, it is of the first importance that the form and shape of every article be exactly adapted to each other. A hat, for instance, of last summer's fashion, with a coat of this spring's, would be little better adapted than tassel'd boots with the prevailing pantaloons. In fashionable costume *adaptation* is every thing—without it "chaos has come again."

In acting upon this principle, the subscriber has succeeded in introducing an entire new fashioned article, called the *Brighton Hat*, adapted to the costume fixed upon for the present spring and coming summer; and he is happy to add, that it gives universal satisfaction to the *beau monde*, while its cheapness places it within the reach of the most economical. The shape and style of the crown, combined with the beautiful curve of the brim, impart an airy, light and graceful appearance to the wearer, which cannot be produced by any other shape now in use. It is well understood that no other shape will be worn at Brighton and other watering places in England and America during the coming season. Those gentlemen who are about purchasing, would do well to examine this improvement before they get supplied for the spring, as these hats are sold only by the subscriber, and can be put at the price of four dollars! Economy and Fashion thus united.

The subscriber takes this occasion to remind his friends and the public, that he has removed from his former stand, (No. 112 Broadway,) to 116 Broadway, corner of Canal st. where he invites gentlemen to call and examine for themselves. J. D. WILSON,

april 7. 116 Broadway, corner of Canal st.

HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE.

JAMES L. BUTLER, 291 Broadway, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the favours he has received, and takes this opportunity to inform them that he has now on hand a new and splendid assortment of *Hats and Caps*, of the latest fashions, which he will sell on reasonable terms. april 7.

CEPHALIC SNUFF,

OF a superior quality, an infallible cure for pain in the head, nervous complaints, drowsiness, &c. Price only sixpence per box. Prepared and sold by

R. GRESSWELL, 91½ Bowery,

april 7. near Hester street, New York.

LITHOGRAPHY AND PAINTING.

BISEKE, 144 Nassau st. will execute from life, in lithography, correct likenesses, from the size of miniature to that of life, and at from ten to fifty dollars. Also, portraits painted in oil colours.

N.B. Likenesses taken from corpses by a quick and correct process of a few moments. N.Y., March 31.

TO PRINTERS.—*A. Pell & Brother*, (late William Hagar & Co.) have removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold-street, corner of John-street, New York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturers' prices—chases, composing sticks, cases, &c. &c.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with those of other Foundries) at six months' credit, or seven and a half per cent. discount for cash:—Six line Pica, and all larger, 28 cts.; Cannon to six line Pica, 30 cts.; Double English to Double Paragon, 32 cts.; Great Primer to Double Pica, 34 cts.; English and Pica, 36 cts.; Small Pica, 38 cts.; Long Primer, 40 cts.; Bourgeois, 46 cts.; Brevier, 56 cts.; Minion, 70 cts.; Nonpareil, 90 cts.; Agate, $1.16; Pearl, $1 40; and Diamond, 2 00 per lb. All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion.

A. Pell & Brother cast their book and newspaper Fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust. The following are the prices at six months' credit:—Medium or Royal, $250; Super Royal, 260; Imperial, 250; No. 2do., 260; No. 3 do. $270. *New York, Feb 25, 1832.*

*** Printers of papers throughout the U. States and Canadas who will give the above advertisement a few insertions, will be allowed three dollars in the settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry, provided four times that amount be purchased.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, known as "the ever and always lucky," would remind his friends, that all orders for Managers' Lottery Tickets, must be addressed to his office, to insure confidential attention. Sylvester's fame is so well known at this time, that he need not puff or advertise daily; but he will here state, that he has no connexion with any other person in this city, and that letters should be sent to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Baltimore, Md.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Pittsburg, Pa.

Numbers drawn on the 5th—20 38 25 27 14 51 37 34.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert-street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, 25 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Picton Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do, mixed $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do.; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 283 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catharine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 152 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct 22. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st

FINE
POCKET-BOOKS.
GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—
(Principally for Booksellers,)
Wholesale and Retail,
By **T. BUSSING**, Manufacturer,
70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21

L. I. COHEN,
REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,
AND
EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER
AND IMPORTER OF
FANCY ARTICLES,
No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

CITY HOTEL, *Nashville, Tennessee.*—This extensive and elegant establishment is rebuilt, and again opened by *March*, 1831. JAMES EDMONDSON.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William st. N.Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, Patent opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar.3. P. BYRNE

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 63 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

FRENCH CHLORINE PHARMACUM,

FOR the cure of gleet and urithritis or gonorrhœa, without the use of internal medicines, in both sexes. It also cleans and heals all foul ulcers, wherever they may be situated, cures salt rheum, and removes all herpetic eruptions from the skin. From late discoveries and experiments, the author considers this Compound of Chlorine the most important improvement in the cure of gonorrhœa that has yet been offered to the public. Its effect on the inflamed membrane of the urethra is to destroy the poison that keeps up the discharge and inflammation. The tedious method of taking various medicines internally for this local disease is unnecessary and vexatious. Simple gonorrhœa, and all the troublesome affections arising from the old method of cure will be removed by the use of this injection in a few days, without a single dose of medicine internally. Directions must at the same time be explicitely adhered to.—Sold wholesale and retail by

JAMES H. HART,

mar.21. Cor. Broadway and Chambers st. N.Y.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam Jr. M. D., Amariah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

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